WAIFS FROM THE WAY-BILLS

OF AN

OLD EXPRESSMAN.

By T. W. TUCKER.

"One Post shall run to meet another,
And one Messenger to meet another."

JEREMIAH li. 31.

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TO

ALVIN ADAMS, Esq.,

WHO, FROM HUMBLE BEGINNINGS, BY PERSEVERING TOIL,
AND WELL-DIRECTED ENTERPRISE, EARNED FAME
AND WEALTH IN THIS VOCATION,

This Little Book is Dedicated

BY AN OLD EXPRESSMAN.

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PREFACE.

THE vast business now transacted through the medium of Expresses, affecting, as it does, nearly every branch of trade and every avenue of industry, is one of the necessities of commercial pursuits, and a department of useful activity called into being by the vigorous demands of a go-ahead age. Our fathers were satisfied, or rather pacified, with the facilities afforded by the fast stage teams of "ye ancient" days, for the transmission of moneys and valuable packages, not dreaming, in their antiquated simplicity, of lightning despatches and railroad express trains.

The great changes brought about by the far-seeing enterprise of a few individuals, who lived and acted so much in advance of their fellows, demand something more than a traditionary record

of the men who have brought about such stirring results.

The author of this brief review having passed the most valuable years of his life in the routine of express business, — commencing at the beginning of the express enterprise, — and having had, from the nature of his position, unusual facilities for obtaining correct and reliable information regarding the history and efforts of the individuals mentioned in this brief record of expressmen, confidently commends his jottings to the attention of all who feel interested in tracing to its sources a business of such present magnitude and importance.

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WAIFS

FROM THE

WAY-BILLS OF AN OLD EXPRESSMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Origin of the Title "Expressman."

The title Expressman, now applied to a common carrier, is of very recent origin, dating back only to the year 1839, when the late W. F. Harnden commenced his active career. The business of expressing is, however, "old as the hills," having been carried on by stage-drivers from time immemorial.

The Ancient Stage Driver

was a very important personage in "y^{e} olden time," having, in addition to the care of his passengers, the charge of divers packages, valuable and otherwise, which were intrusted to him for safe delivery; bundles and parcels of merchandise, bottles of fluids, of a temporal and *spiritual* character, and letters of a business or amatory nature. The cabalistic letters C. O. D. did not then ornament boxes and bundles, but bills were collected on delivery, nevertheless.

"Pay or no take," was as well understood then as now. Many drivers on routes from Boston to populous places, such as Providence, Worcester, Salem, &c., were men of mark in their calling, and daily transacted large amounts of business of an important description, such as carrying bank packages, money parcels, &c., and paying notes and bills. The venerable and genial Sam Woodward, so long and well known as the driver and freight manager for Adams Express Company, was a fine sample of the old time stage driver, and used frequently to remark to the writer, when he appeared with an unusually small freight on his wagon, "I used to carry a bigger load when I drove stage."

The stage driver, like the present car conductor, was always a favorite of the ladies, and all the pretty girls were enraptured by a roguish wink of his merry eye, or made supremely happy by a recognizing nod. Holmes has graphically delineated the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" — how felicitously could he describe the Autocrat of the Tavern Stable! The old Sudbury Tavern has been immortalized by Longfellow, but no reference was made by him to its most important appendage, the bustling and important stage driver. The Autocrat of all the Russias never ascended his imperial throne with half the airs the stage autocrat assumed when mounting his throne — the stage box. Every look, every gesture, and every oath impressed the gaping crowd of rustics with a profound idea of his prodigious importance.

The village "squire" and the prosperous store-keeper, although considered the leading men and the great "I am's" of the places, did not disdain to mingle with the miscellaneous crowd of tavern "bummers" upon the "stoop," to witness the arrival or departure of the stage. These obsequious attentions were always vastly pleasing to the illustrious knight of the whip, as with great pomp and flourish he gathered up his "ribbons," and cracked his long whip over his impatient team.

Old Stagers.

Some of the old stagers were greatly distinguished for their skill in handling a team of four and six horses, and it was an awe-inspiring sight, especially to the juvenile community, to see the smoking, high-mettled steeds dash up to the tavern door at full speed, the reins so skilfully handled that the wheels, just grazing the door-stone, would stop with the rapidity of an electric shock at exactly the right spot. Some of these veterans of the whip were remarkably expert in exercising their lash. We well remember the feat of a driver, noted for his dexterity, who wagered the "drinks" — it was customary in those days to imbibe — with a gentleman on the outside seat, that he would, on passing the first flock of fowls within reach of his lash, decapitate any bird the gentleman might select, provided the gentleman would be answerable for all damages; the other conditions being, that the driver should not relinquish his reins or seat, nor cheek the

speed of his horses. His skill was soon put to the test, for, on passing a farm house, a flock of hens, convoyed by a stately rooster, were approached. As the coach passed at full speed, the driver was directed to try his skill on the rooster. Quick as thought, the unerring lash flashed through the air, and encircling the neck of the hapless chanticleer, his glittering head flew across the road, leaving his fluttering body with the astonished hens!

Many of the noted drivers who flourished before the advent of railroads have arrived at eminent positions on various roads. Hon. Chester W. Chapin, of Springfield, and Hon. Ginery Twichell, now President of the Boston and Albany Railroad corporation, were noted for their remarkable skill as stage drivers, and their *driving* qualities have procured for them the highest positions in the power of mammoth corporations to bestow. In the celebrated "Harrison campaign" of 1840, Ginery Twichell particularly distinguished himself by his wonderful energy and success in reporting election returns; in collecting and expressing election details for the Boston Atlas, then under the management of the celebrated Richard Haughton, his astonishing feats of horsemanship were marvels of speed and endurance.

The Old Stage Houses.

What a rendezvous for stages was the short but bustling Elm Street in those days! The old No. 11, kept by the Wildes, was the "head centre" of stage-

dom, although many other localities, such as the Eastern Stage House, kept by Rogers, in Ann Street; the City Tavern, kept by Doolittle, in Brattle Street; the Earle Coffee House, kept by Hezekiah Earle, on Hanover Street; the Marlboro' Hotel, kept by Barker, in Washington Street; Washington Coffee House, near the Old South; and last, but not least, the old Lamb Tavern, kept by Adams, on the site of the present Adams House. There were also two or three stage taverns of lesser note on Union Street. The stranger was not "taken in" in the sharp sense of the term in those old hostelries, but was generously warmed and fed upon terms approaching a reasonable tariff. The hearty, good-humored landlord was a different individual from the well-dressed, haughty, and indifferent Boniface of the present day, who is only approached by his patrons as a king is by his courtiers, who, enthroned behind his marble counter, profoundly impressed with a sense of his immense importance, hardly deigns a civil reply to respectful questions, and without consulting your taste or convenience, by an imperative wave of his imperial hand consigns you to your seven by nine den in the sixteenth story of his *imposing* mansion, from which you emerge at an early hour the ensuing morning, after an exhaustive night's conflict with other claimants to your couch, to exercise your molars on a tough steak or "ram chop," for which inestimable privileges you are expected to contribute to the

hotel exchequer your stamps at the reasonable rate of four and five dollars per diem.

Some of the Old Drivers.

Many of our middle-aged citizens will remember the portly form of Jones, of the Bridgewater stage, from the Washington Coffee House. He was once robbed of a large amount of bank money, which was stolen from his stage box; R. B. Kinsley, driver and proprietor of the stage route to Newport, R. I., afterwards an eminent expressman, and whose recent death, at the age of seventy-three, has been extensively noted; Simon Gillett, proprietor and driver of the Quincy stage, who occasionally indulged his love for fun by asking an outside passenger to hold his hat for a moment, in the crown of which would lie coiled up a huge black snake! Many of the old drivers "still live," particularly a number who once flourished on the Eastern route. Jackson and Akerman, of the Portsmouth express; Eben Page, of the Gloucester express; and "Uncle" Niles, of the Dover express, are still active, and daily run over their routes in the cars. One of the largest express proprietors in Boston, Benjamin P. Cheney, of Court Square, was a driver of "y^{e} ancient" time, and subsequently a stage agent at No. 11 Elm Street. He is one of the youngest looking men in Boston for his age, and has accumulated a handsome fortune in the express business.

Staging and Expressing in "Yᴱ Olden" Times.

In another paragraph we have remarked that running expresses is not a business feature of modern date — the name only is of recent origin. The old stage drivers were all expressmen, only they didn't know it. The drivers on long routes, to Providence, New Haven, New York, &c., were men especially selected, for their ability and reliability, to carry and deliver bank packages, remittances, and small parcels of value; also to collect notes, drafts, and bills, precisely as do the express messengers of the present day. We are indebted to a Salem gentleman, William H. Foster, Esq., for an interesting sketch of the old drivers of that once famous company, the Salem and Boston Stage Company. Mr. Foster was the clerk and cashier of this old time institution, and commenced with the company at its beginning, in 1821. Time has dealt lightly with Mr. Foster, who is yet an active business man, and a fine specimen of the old school gentleman. He informs us that the splendid teams of that famed line, in connection with the boats at New Haven, Conn., at which place the stage route terminated, made the trip through to New York in forty-eight hours, — not bad travelling, that! Four drivers were employed on a trip; the first driving about forty miles, then getting off the box, and getting into the coach, rode the rest of the way through as passenger and expressman.

These drivers were fine specimens of muscular manhood, and perfect adepts in handling the reins and whip. In the matter of politeness, they were capable of giving lessons to many of the conductors of the present day. Although proverbially good-natured, they were men not to be trifled with by presuming individuals. We well remember, when a lad, of witnessing a set-to in the celebrated play of "Tom and Jerry; or, Life in London," at the old Tremont Theatre, Boston, between Hudson, a celebrated professional boxer, and Noah Knox, one of the old Salem drivers. Knox, who was a man of immense physical power, was induced to put on the "mittens" for "this occasion only" with Hudson. The latter was one of the finest men physically in his profession, but he had a very handsome face, which he was very much afraid of disfiguring; consequently he was a little shy of rough customers. As Knox was supposed to be perfectly green in scientific boxing, Hudson thought him, notwithstanding his apparent great strength, an easy customer. But he was doomed to disappointment on this occasion, for Knox not only beat down his guard, but floored him repeatedly, greatly to the disgust of "scientific" spectators. The Salem driver proved himself worthy of his name, for he showed himself to be a man of hard *knocks*.

We subjoin Mr. Foster's interesting sketch, confident that it will form one of the most readable chapters in this volume: —

"Reader, do you remember the days of stage coaches, before the building of railroads, when Potter (Jim) led off at 7 A. M., with his team of bays, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and dapple grays on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays? Potter was very punctual when he had a full freight of very particular kind of folks; but with a slim freight you could overtake him before he passed Buffum's Corner.

"Just before 8 A. M., Woodbury (Page) would be seen coming round the Common with his pair of bays, on the jump; he swung round and round the corners, and around the big elm tree in the stable yard in Union Street. In a trice the bays were taken off, and McMullen hitched on the four milk whites, and Page was off. Charles Cross, afterwards Albert Knight, and then Savory (Ben) brought nine o'clock, often with a team of 'Old Rips;' this was not a favorite hour, but made a good return coach at 5 P. M.

"Ten o'clock was a good hour, and on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, Shaw (Mose) came in with the Gloucester passengers, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday good-natured Albert Knight, and later, the pleasant and accomplished Jacob Winchester.

"The stir of the old Sun Tavern was *some* at ten o'clock, and Mr. Lankester or 'Sam' Manning were a little busy about this time; at about ten they were gone; and then 'Sir' William Manning would say, 'Probably' we shall send out at 10½ o'clock. 'Sir William' was then an oldish man, but now that some seven or eight and thirty years have passed and

gone, he is a young man, thus reversing the order of nature.

"There was a great inquiry in those days for the Gloucester stage; the *very* dry ones inquiring for it before it arrived, and those not quite so dry inquiring if it had gone. It was usual, however, for both sets to take a drink.

"'Lot' (Peach) brought 1½ P. M. At the time this coach was put on there were but few passengers, but it soon became quite popular.

"'The Major' (Shaw) went out at 3 P. M., and this closed the regular *outward* or *up* trip for the day. After the 'Major,' 'Pete' (Ray) drove this route. Any number of extras were over the road at all times, both day and night. The first coach in from Boston was the 'Major,' at 11 o'clock; the Gloucester at 11 P. M., Potter at 5, Page at 6, Savory at 7, and Peach at 8 P. M.

"Potter always had a fine team, and the best coach on the road; being the first out in the morning, he had a good deal of what was termed 'business'—the accumulation over night of all the letters, bundles, orders, bank books, &c. He always bragged about his business; and although all the drivers had more or less, yet he generally led, and paid in the most money. On a cold frosty morning, or in returning in the afternoon against a cold, raw east wind, the way he put his team over the road was a caution to old folks.

"To him was assigned the honor of driving Lafayette

on his visit here in 1824. Potter had on this occasion an open barouche and a team of splendid horses, and drove him through to Newburyport. The next day his younger brother, Joseph, was sent down to Newburyport to drive home the team. When he reached Ipswich, Mr. Treadwell, the proprietor of the old Stage and Half-Way House, between Salem and Newburyport, advised Joseph to have his team unhitched and his horses groomed. When the team was hitched on, Mr. Treadwell said to Joseph, 'Now throw back the head of the barouche, and I will take the back seat and ride to Salem with you, and I will personate Lafayette.' To those who may remember Mr. Treadwell, I need not say that he was a splendid-looking man, always elegantly dressed, and his air and manners were of the most refined of the old school; and one of Mr. Treadwell's greetings and bows, as he ushered in his guests from a stage coach, not forgetting the elderly lady who was the last to leave the stage, on his leave-taking as a coach load departed, will never be erased from the memory of those who ever witnessed them. On the road he gave orders, as he was nearing a school-house, 'Drive slow, Joseph;' and on passing, he was bowing to the right and left. The boys all knew the team, hallooing, 'Here is Lafayette back again!' and the men left their work in the fields, and the women left theirs in the house, and ran to the doors and windows; and he would say, Faster, Joseph,' until he had cleared from the crowd, and was ready at the next cluster of houses to resume

his bowing. Of my own knowledge I could not state, but that some of the *humans* now living on the road still think they saw Lafayette return.

"Page went more by jumps; he would scale the hollows, and by the time he was half way up the hill, his team would be down in a slow walk.

"When Hon. Henry Clay made his visit here, Page and his team of milk whites were in attendance. When Mr. Clay left, it was from the residence of Hon. Nathaniel Silsbee, on Pleasant Street. Page and his team were at the door. As Mr. Clay, with the committee, came down the steps, he said to Page, 'I have heard a good deal of your superior roads, and of your fast teams, but as yet I have seen none of it; I have now (looking at his watch) just one hour to meet an engagement in Boston. How long will it take you, Mr. Page, to put us in Boston?' Page replied, 'We will do our best, sir; but jump in if you have only one hour.' In sixty minutes from the time they started they were at the door of the Tremont House in Boston, and when leaving the coach he owned up to Mr. Page that he never rode before.

"'Mose' had good teams, although he always grumbled about them; and his own expression was, 'he used to let them rip.'

"'Albert' never had any trouble; his teams always went well and came well.

"'Jacob' was a genteel driver, and no lady could pass over the road from Gloucester so pleasantly with any one else as with Jacob.

"'Lot' was a splendid reinsman, and his team used to perform as well as any others.

"'The Major' took all the ladies and children, and, as he used to say, 'If you will believe it, Mrs. or Miss won't go unless she can go with me.'

"With 'Pete' the ladies began to ride outside; as at that time the coaches made after the English style, on steel springs, and a dicky behind, gave a very superior seat for the driver, over the Jack coaches, and 'Pete' had a way of amusing the ladies that was irresistible. He was rich, and owned houses and farms, and drove only because he had the company of the ladies. He could build castles in the air with such a plausibility that no one ever attempted to doubt.

"Besides them, there was a coach driven by Thompson to and from Marblehead; and three times a week to Haverhill, driven by David Sanderson, afterwards by Pinkham. David Sanderson had a new way of driving — walk his team down hill and run up!

"At the time we write about, the Salem and Boston Stage Company was a great concern, and was up with any other line in the United States, and in the character of their agents and drivers, and in the superiority of their teams and coaches, and, perhaps, in advance of them all, as they were the first to introduce the swing-rack and foot-board, as it was termed, and after these the splendid steel spring coaches. These were mostly built under their own supervision, in their own shops, and by their own mechanics.

"There were Stephen Daniels and Benjamin Bray, coach-body makers; Joseph Smith and Osgood Bradley, as wheelwrights (Bradley is now a car builder); John McGlue and David Harding, and a half score of others, as blacksmiths; John Chipman, John Mackie, and John Frye, as saddlers and carriage trimmers; Joseph D. Sadler and Daniel C. Manning, as painters; and the gigs and coaches got up by the company, from 1821 (when it was incorporated) to 1834,'5, and '6, were beyond, in strength and finish, any to be seen at the present time.

"'Sir William' Manning was captain general; old Henry (Cross) was the agent at Boston; 'Sam' had charge of the stable at the 'Marlborough,' in Boston, and afterwards fitted out the stages from Salem with Mr. Lankester, ran the expresses to overtake the stages, &c.

"There were also a host of extra drivers among them: William D. Winchester, Joshua Butman, Joseph Potter, Benjamin Leavitt, 'Tom' Dodge, Alden Harris, Daniel Moore, and others.

"In summer, some of the regular and extra drivers were away on journeys. Page went with the Beverly parties; Jacob was the favorite driver for all bridal parties, and for special journeys to New York for specie.

"There were between fifty and sixty men on the pay-roll of the company, all good, sound, and reliable.

"On a Sunday evening some ten or fifteen accidentally met at the office; they were all dressed up in

their Sunday go-to-meeting clothes. Mr. Manning came out of the house, and finding the office full, was quite surprised. 'Why, dear me,' said he, 'I did not know that I had so fine a set of men; I think some day I will form you in a line in Union Street, and show you up, as the best looking men about, as I can *probably* beat any of the military companies.'

"Mr. Samuel Manning and Mr. Lankester were famous for attaching extra tails; they always had on hand a number of long, flowing tails. There was a splendid horse in the stable called 'Hunter.' One day Hunter was taken out, and his tail was 'extended;' a man was put on him, to show him off around the Common. Mr. Manning, in passing, saw the splendid animal with his tail sweeping the ground. He very much admired him, but was not aware at the time that it was one of the stock with an 'extension.'

"Mr. Daniel C. Manning first entered the service of the company, in 1823, as an office boy, and carried round the letters and bundles on the arrival of the stages. For the small packages a horse and gig was always ready on the arrival of each coach, and here began the first *express* business of this country. From here Daniel went into the company's paint shop, then in charge of Joseph D. Sadler, where he served a regular apprenticeship, and became a first-class carriage painter, in which business he continued for some years, combining with it the letting of a few horses. The paint shop was then abandoned, and he went very

extensively into the livery business with Mr. Joseph Smith.*

"At the time of re-writing these reminiscences (1870) we find him a true Manning; as he grows older in years he becomes young; and not to be outdone by Potter or Page, we see him driving, in that fearful storm of the 8th of February, 1870, Prince Arthur to the Peabody funeral, and for eight consecutive hours not leaving his box. Like Mr. Peabody, he started a poor boy; but by his untiring industry, and his natural resources, he is now rated among the self-made capitalists. He also had the honor of driving (or running), with a team of eight horses, President Polk through the city, on the occasion of his visit here in 1847 or 1848.

"Before the incorporation of the Salem and Boston Stage Company, in 1821, a line of stages had been run by Mr. Richard Manning, and afterwards by his sons, William, Robert, and Samuel; and in 1810 or 1811 the Mannings bought out the old Burrill line of stages. Their stables were in the rear of Court

* Joseph Smith, who has been in the livery business all his life long, was employed by the Committee of Reception during General Jackson's visit here in 1833. He used on the occasion an open barouche, and had a team of four black horses, one of which belonged to the Hon. Joseph S. Cabot, who was on the committee that received President Jackson. It will be recollected by many that the President was taken unwell, and that Smith drove him through the crowd on the run to the Mansion House. The next day he drove him around the city, and then to Andover, where the committee from New Hampshire were in waiting for him.

(now Washington) Street, and their office was in the rear of where now stands Nourse's fruit store.

"In 1815 or 1816 a company was formed of the Messrs. Manning, Henry Cross, and others. Holten Dale, who will be remembered by many as the greatest whip in the county, drove the first coach out at 7 o'clock, A. M., and Willis, a large and splendid looking man, drove the first coach in from Boston, and afterwards Carpenter. Dale always had elegant horses, — his team of sorrels were square-backed, and always trimmed and combed to a hair, — and very few ladies in those days spent as much time in dressing as was spent on those horses; his coach was always in order, and ran very still, as about every morning he went over it himself, and screwed up all the nuts.

"Those who were in college from 1810 to 1816 will remember Dale, as he claimed as a right the privilege of driving home the students at the vacations. Instead of his coach, he sometimes used an open basket carriage, which would hold about fifteen or eighteen; but as there was no convenience for baggage, that had to be sent by another team. With the light basket carriage he could spin off ten or twelve miles an hour, and land his passengers from Cambridge, say seventeen or eighteen miles, in one hour and thirty or forty minutes. Once, about Christmas time, after he had started, there came up a furious snow storm, and by the time they reached Salem the basket was full of snow, and the students closely packed together.

"But these reminiscences are so far extended that

I will close. Many of the actors have paid the last debt of nature, and those who are left are getting to be among the old folks.

"I add a list of the employees, so far as I can recall them: —

DRIVERS.

Holten Dale,	J. C. Trask,
—— Willis,	Joseph Trask,
—— Carpenter,	Addison Center,
James Potter,	Charles Sargent,
Woodbury Page,	John Miller,
Samuel Shaw,	Jonathan Cass,
Moses Shaw,	Benjamin Thompson,
Albert Knight,	Charles Dearborn,
J. B. Winchester,	Thomas Adams,
William Winchester,	Joshua Butman,
Peter W. Ray,	Joseph Potter,
Benjamin Savory,	Daniel Sanderson,
Lot Peach,	Thomas Dodge,
Charles Cross,	Benjamin Leavitt,
William Cross,	Isaac Pinkham,
Daniel Moore,	Peter Stevens,
John Hathaway,	Col. Thomas Adams,
Alden Harris,	J. B. Wheelock,
John Lane,	Noah Knox.

SADDLERS.

Joseph Hathorne,	John Mackie,
John Chipman,	John Frye.

BLACKSMITHS.

John McGlue, Peter McDermott.
David Harding,

WHEELWRIGHTS.

Joseph Smith, Osgood Bradley.

CARRIAGE-BODY MAKERS.

Stephen Daniels, Benjamin Bray.

PAINTERS.

Joseph D. Sadler, Daniel C. Manning.

CLERKS.

Henry Cross, Daniel S. Proctor,
D. M. Lankester, William H. Foster.

"'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,' &c."

CHAPTER II.

Magnitude of the Express Business.

Very few, even of our business men, are aware of the immense amount of valuable business daily transacted by a first-class express company. The piles of bank packages, representing often many times the capital of a large banking institution, are handled about by the messengers and clerks with a seeming carelessness, but in reality with a perfect system of careful management. Each package being receipted for to the bank official, is then entered at the express office, each parcel checked when called off to the entry clerk, and then again checked by the messenger when placed in his safe. Losses of large packages seldom occur unless the messenger is forcibly robbed, or his safe imperilled by the dangers of steamboat navigation. In another portion of this history several remarkable cases of loss by robbery, and otherwise, will be alluded to. Everything movable is sent by express, from a box of pills to a locomotive engine! Men, women, dogs, cats, and nearly all members of the feathered creation are intrusted to the care of the indefatigable expressman.

The interior of the express office is sometimes a lively place on account of the somewhat mixed character of the freight deposited there. Sitting and lying about on boxes and trunks may be seen an interesting family group, fresh from the bogs of auld Ireland; the "old man" sucking away at an old "dudheen," whose intolerable fumes serve to choke off more disagreeable smells; the "old woman" dealing out rations of black and unsavory crusts to the unwashed and hungry "childer," and occasionally diversifying the entertainment by an indiscriminate "slaughter of the innocents" which swarm on the juvenile heads of the said "childer."

In another portion of the office is deposited an immense coop of fowls, the odor from which is decidedly *foul*, comprising cocks, hens, and turkeys, the property of some itinerant dealer, who may call for them in a day or two, perhaps in a week or fortnight. The crowing of the cocks, the cackle of the hens, and gobble of the turkeys, combined with the unearthly howl of a hungry and forsaken dog confined in an odious smelling box, and the wailing of a Hibernian baby in the arms of the old woman, make, together, a miscellaneous concert. Add to this confusion of sounds the hoarse voice of the driver calling off his freight, the undercurrents of talk from customers at the counter, the crash of overturned boxes and continuous slam of doors, and the express office may justly be considered a pretty "lively place."

Scenes in an Express Office.

Some ludicrous scenes often occur in an express office, of which the following is a sample:—

Enters a tall, gaunt, red-headed individual, with a cadaverous and elongated visage, and most woe-begone expression, who solemnly marches up to the counter, and addresses the clerk with, —

"I say, dew yew run tew Kennebunk?"

Clerk. — "The express does, sir."

Stranger. — "Well, what dew yew charge tew send a purty good sized box down? I want tew git it threw purty quick."

Clerk. — "I could tell better if I saw the box. What does it contain?"

Stranger. — "Somethin' I was afeard might spile; so I thought I wouldn't resk it by freight train, although 'tain't worth much to me."

Clerk. — (Impatiently.) "Well, what does the box contain?"

Stranger. — "My wife!"

Sometimes incidents of a touching character will transpire in the precincts of the unsentimental express office. For instance: An expressman, upon reaching his office early one cold morning in January, observed on the sidewalk a long, heavy box, which his practised eye at once identified as containing a corpse. Upon one end of the box, shivering with the cold, sat a little half-clad boy, about seven or eight years of age. Addressing him kindly, he said, —

"My lad, don't sit there; you will freeze; come in and sit by the stove."

Bursting into tears, the little fellow replied, "No, I can't come in; my mother is in this box, and I promised her I would never leave her until we got home."

Deeply affected with the touching devotion of this brave little fellow, he finally succeeded in convincing him of the entire safety of his precious charge, and taking him over to a neighboring restaurant, gave him a warm breakfast, and learned the particulars of his sad story. His father died about a year previously, in a remote village in Minnesota, leaving his mother in poor health, and nearly destitute. She died but a few days before the boy's sad journey, charging the little hero with the duty of conveying her remains to her friends in a distant state, and furnishing him with (all she had) a sum of money barely sufficient to carry them both by freight cars to their destination. The little fellow had actually ridden night and day in a freight car with his melancholy trust, never for a moment losing sight of it.

The First Expressman.

The credit of establishing the first express was due to the late W. F. Harnden. Many have supposed that the Adams Express Company was the first institution of this kind, on account of its great prominence before the public for the past twenty years. Mr. Adams did not commence business until two years after the ad-

vent of Harnden. Several parties did a regular express business before Harnden, but were not known by the title of expressmen. Mr. William C. Gray, of Lowell, and still living in that place, ran over the road between Boston and Lowell, with money packages and freight, as early as 1836, three years before Harnden. Dean & Davenport (now Davenport & Mason) carried freight and packages between Boston and Taunton in 1836 and 1837, Mr. Mason, of the present firm of D. & M., running as messenger. But W. F. Harnden was the first to adopt the name Expressman.

W. F. Harnden

was born in Reading, Mass., in 1812. His father was a house painter, in moderate circumstances, and gave his son a fair common school education. He (the son) was of slight figure and fragile constitution, but of great courage and energy. He was employed as ticket master at the Boston and Worcester Railroad depot as early as 1835 and 1836, but the sedentary nature of his employment, and the close application required, gradually undermined his health, and he cast about him for other and more active employment. This he did not find until the early part of the year 1839, when he commenced an experimental trip to New York, via steamer from Providence, carrying only a valise, and paying passenger fare. This was indeed the day of small things, and his encouragement for a time was not great. He, however, kept up

good courage, and after a short season, by dint of sheer hard work and earnest endeavor to please his few patrons, his business so increased that he made arrangements with the Stonington route to run a messenger on that line. He now arranged with Mr. Luke Damon, and his younger brother, Adolphus Harnden, to run each way on alternate nights.

Mr. Damon was in his employ for several years, and was afterwards employed by Kinsley & Co. as their Boston agent. He has now retired from the express business, after a service of nearly thirty years, and resides in California. Mr. Damon is extensively known, and is justly regarded as an accomplished expressman and an honorable gentleman in every sense of the word. He has many warm friends, who sincerely regret his departure to a distant sphere of usefulness. Mr. Adolphus Harnden was an active, energetic young fellow, and bade fair to become eminent in his profession. He continued to act as messenger for his brother until the awful burning of the steamer Lexington, on the fearful night of January 13, 1840, when he perished in that dreadful catastrophe. In addition to the affliction caused by the loss of a dearly beloved brother by the burning of the Lexington, Mr. Harnden's loss of property was ruinous to a man of his limited capital; but he was not called upon to make good any portion of the property belonging to other parties which was intrusted to his charge. The most serious loss on this occasion was

that of thirty thousand dollars in specie consigned to the Merchants Bank of Boston.

The Burning of the Lexington.

In these days of terrific railroad collisions and steamboat burnings, through which fearful agencies thousands of hapless passengers are annually killed, mangled, and maimed, the almost daily announcement of an awful catastrophe, involving the destruction by the score and hundred of hapless men, women, and children, excites hardly a passing remark beyond the circle from which a member has been ruthlessly torn. Very few of the readers of these harrowing details at the present day can realize the thrill of horror which ran through our community on the morning of the 15th of January, 1840, when news was received in the city of the burning of the steamer Lexington, on Long Island Sound, by which dreadful calamity one hundred and fifty-six persons, many of them well known and valued members of this community, were burned and drowned. Among the prominent victims sacrificed on that fearful night were many well-remembered citizens. Prominent among them were, Professor Follen, of Harvard University; Henry J. Finn, the great comedian; Abraham Howard, firm of Howard & Merry, an eminent mercantile house; John Brown, head of the large house of John Brown & Co., Commercial Wharf; Isaac Davis, a well-known dealer in fancy goods, 28 Washington Street; J. Everett, Jr., firm of Everett & Searle, 51 India Street; George

Lemist, an old and wealthy merchant of Roxbury; Eberle, the actor; A. Harnden, the expressman; and many other citizens less known to the public. Intense feeling was caused by the agonizing details of their horrible deaths. Only four persons survived that awful night, and of the miraculous escape of one member of that little party we propose to give some account. This man was David Crowley, mate of the steamer, whose wonderful escape and almost superhuman endurance were and are without a parallel in the history of struggles for life. We had, on a recent trip from New York, an account from the lips of Mr. Crowley of his experience on that dreadful night. He says the recollection of the harrowing scenes then passed through ever continues to haunt his dreams.

The steamer Lexington left New York on the evening of January 13, 1840, with a full complement of passengers, and with a fair prospect of a safe and pleasant trip, although the night was intensely cold.

The Lexington was a comparatively new boat, and was considered the handsomest and fastest on the Sound. Compared with the present floating palaces, she was a most ordinary craft, but in those times a model of beauty. She was commanded by Captain Child, an experienced captain, and was noted for her speed. She made good time for three hours out of New York, and had passed Huntington Light, about forty miles from New York, some four miles, when fire broke out in the engine-room from some cause

which has never been fully explained, and the doomed boat was soon all on fire amid-ships. The flames spread rapidly on account of the combustible nature of her deck load, consisting of cotton bales. In the sudden effort to head her for the shore in a rough sea, the hide tiller rope on the larboard side parted, and the boat was at the mercy of the waves.

The scene that now ensued amongst the ill-fated passengers and crew was fearful. Mr. Crowley, upon the first alarm, was about "turning in," until his "watch" was called. His berth was in the lower cabin; and not knowing the extent of the danger, he rushed upon deck, clad only in his woollen drawers, woollen shirt, stockings, and boots. He was bareheaded and nearly barefooted, as his stockings were cotton, and boots thin, — rather a meagre outfit for the perilous voyage on which in a few moments he embarked. As the flames rapidly enveloped the deck, the doomed passengers and crew wildly rushed to the windward of the fire, some frantically praying and crying, or rather shrieking, whilst others were stoically resigned to their fate. Mr. Crowley well remembers the appearance of the lamented Follen, who alone appeared composed amidst the harrowing scene. The most affecting sight he witnessed, which can never be effaced from his memory, was the conduct of two gentlemen, merchants of Boston, who, standing upon the narrow space between the raging flames and the seething waters, commended their families to the care of God, in fervent supplication, and in tones which were heard

above the crackling flames and roaring waters bade good by to wives and children, and then disappeared beneath the boiling waters.

The only boat belonging to the steamer was a yawl boat, about twelve or fourteen feet in length, which, in the hurry of launching, was partially crushed under the paddles, so as to disable it from floating with any one on board. This wreck floated on shore, and was the means of informing the inhabitants of the vicinity where it landed of the name of the steamer burned, as it contained the overcoat of Captain Child, and in the pockets were found several letters addressed to its unfortunate owner.

Mr. Crowley, when he took to the water, was fortunate enough to secure a floating bale of cotton, on which he committed himself to God, the wind, and the tide. What a prospect before him! with hardly sufficient clothing for a July night, no foothold, no object to grasp but the tightly fitting ropes which held the bale together, — useless to his stiffened fingers, — the bale continually rolling and bobbing in the rough sea, which ever and anon broke over him, the thermometer below zero, and the pitiless wintry blast howling like a demon over his almost denuded person. How long would an ordinary person survive such exposure? We opine that few men could be found capable of withstanding such a trial for a few hours, or perhaps minutes. Mr. Crowley survived it from nine o'clock Monday evening to Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, — forty-eight hours, — during

which time he drifted fifty-three miles, maintaining his position on the bale notwithstanding he *indulged in several short naps!* He took to his bale about nine o'clock in the evening, and left it for the shore on the following evening at about the same hour. He landed at a place called Old Friar's Head, a bluff adjoining the town of River Head, Long Island, on the opposite shore from New Haven, the widest portion of the Sound.

When the bale struck the ice, some few hundred yards from the shore, he felt, although slightly delirious at intervals from the intensity of his sufferings, that he was saved, and immediately commenced a struggle to gain the shore. Covered with ice, with no sensation in his frozen limbs, the instinct of self-preservation urged him to effort, and slowly and painfully crawling over the rough and slippery surface, he at length managed to reach the shore. But what a prospect before him! a steep, icy bluff to be surmounted, the whole landscape enshrouded in thick darkness.

After a season of incredible exertion he at length surmounted the formidable bluff, and O, joy! he discovered in the dim distance the faint glimmer of a light. With that indomitable will which characterizes Mr. Crowley, and to which he owes his preservation, he at once hobbled and crawled in its direction. The distance from his landing was one and a half miles, and he succeeded in reaching the house about ten o'clock, P. M. The family fortunately happened to be

up much beyond their usual hour on account of the arrival of a son from New York city. This son, Samuel Hutchinson, Esq., now a well known merchant of New York, had but a few moments before arrived, bringing news of the Lexington's loss, which had been communicated to him by the stage driver who brought him over. When Mr. Crowley knocked at the door, it was opened by a lad who started back in affright at the strange apparition which met his view. And well he might have been startled, for Mr. Crowley presented a figure shocking to behold. Bareheaded, his hair matted with ice, his woollen shirt and drawers covered with the same material, his eyes wild with delirium, his haggard appearance would have frightened the boldest.

Young Mr. Hutchinson comprehended the case at once, and approaching Mr. Crowley, as he stood trembling at the threshold, asked him if he was from the wrecked steamer. Mr. C. replied that he was, and he was immediately assisted into the house, and properly nursed and cared for. He was confined to the house until the following April, when he returned to his home in the city of Providence. He escaped with the loss of two toes on each foot, but experienced no permanent ill effects from his unparalleled exposure, and to this day has never experienced a day's illness.

Mr. Crowley is now in his fifty-third year, but does not appear a year more than forty. Although not an athletic man in appearance, he is very compactly

built, of hardly medium height, but remarkably wiry and active. With the exception of a few years' steamboating in California, he has always been connected as an officer with some of the Sound steamers. A few years since he distinguished himself by saving ten lives from the burning steamer City of Norwich and on one occasion saved several lives from a schooner which was run down by a Sound steamer. He is now in the employ of the New York Express Company, No. 24 Summer Street, and is an active, genial, and intelligent man. Mr. Crowley says that the engraving of the burning of steamer Lexington, in the possession of Mr. Wait, who keeps the cigar store at the corner of Washington and Water Streets, is a good representation of the boat and of her appearance on the night of the calamity.

The bodies of many victims were washed ashore near the scene of the disaster, and presented a truly melancholy spectacle. Many were scorched by the cruel flames, but not sufficiently to indicate that death ensued from burning. It was evident that the sufferers were driven in their extremity to the dread alternative of death by fire or water, and chose the latter as the most merciful. Upon the breaking up of the ice during the spring months several bodies were exposed. These being in a fair state of preservation, were examined, and efforts made to identify them. One, that of Mr. J. Everett, Jr., of Boston, was found, and Mr. Crowley was sent for, with the hope that he might possibly give some clew to his

identity, as his features were well preserved. A silver watch was found in his pocket, but no papers. Mr. Crowley recommended taking off his boots, which was done, and the maker's name, Harrington, Boston, with the number, was found written in the inner leg. By referring to Mr. Harrington, the name of the owner was discovered, and the body delivered to his relatives.

Mr. Adolphus Harnden, who was lost, was brother to William F. Harnden, the pioneer of expressing. He was, like his lamented brother, an active, energetic fellow, and perished after a protracted struggle to save himself and preserve the valuables committed to his charge. The only expressman living who was on the Sound that night, was Luke Damon, who was for many years the faithful agent of Kinsley & Co.'s Express, but then in the employ of Harnden. He is now in California He was on board the boat bound for New York, and passed over some hours later the spot where the Lexington was burned, but was ignorant of the disaster until after his return trip.

A reference to the files of the Boston papers for the early months of 1840 shows how deep and universal was the interest excited by this dreadful calamity. Every issue of the Post in the month of January, after the 16th, contained some allusion to the Lexington. It took a long time in those days to get the whole story of an event like this before the public. The first publication concerning the disaster was in the Post of January 17. A very meagre account of

it, about a third of a column long, was prefaced by the following remarks: —

"The news of the loss of the steamer Lexington and nearly two hundred lives, which reached here yesterday, produced a sensation of distress and melancholy in our community that we never saw equalled. Large groups of people collected at every corner, inquiring with feverish anxiety the particulars, and trembling as each circumstance was related, lest it should expose the death of some relative or friend."

The particulars which followed were wholly derived from the journals of Bridgeport, Conn., and New York, and furnished only a mere statement of the burning of the steamer, and brief narratives of two survivors. The Post of the next day, the 18th, contained an incomplete list of the passengers.

Public sympathy found expression in a meeting at Faneuil Hall, at which Mayor Jonathan Chapman presided, and which was addressed by several prominent citizens. George S. Hillard introduced in a speech of great eloquence a series of resolutions conveying sympathy with the bereaved friends of the lost, severely censuring the owners of the Lexington, denouncing the carriage of cotton on passenger steamers, and urging the legislature of the state to address Congress upon the necessity of more stringent legislation for the preservation of human life on steamboats. As is stated above, two eminent actors perished in the Lexington — Henry J. Finn and Charles L. Eberle. Benefits were given at the theatres for the families of these gentlemen, and feeling

eulogies were pronounced on them in the newspapers. A Boston bookseller exhibited a print representing the Lexington in flames, in his store window, and was sternly reprimanded therefor by the Courier, which regarded the exhibition as an unfeeling advertisement.

This awful calamity — more awful thirty years ago than it would be to-day, when the public has become hardened to such horrors — drew out manifestations of sorrow and pity from all sections of the country, and proved that Christian charity is not so rare, after all. One incident specially deserves mention. The papers of New York and Boston, soon after the disaster, were crowded with advertisements offering rewards for the recovery of the bodies of the victims. Many of the lost were of wealthy families, and the rewards offered were very large. Among them appeared the advertisement of a poor widow, tendering five dollars — all she had — for the privilege of looking once again on the body of her husband, and giving it Christian burial. Her offer attracted attention, and the next issue of the paper following its publication contained the announcement that the sum of one hundred and eighty-one dollars had been contributed for the widow's benefit.

The fire which worked such terrible havoc was due to the fact that the machinery and woodwork were insufficiently protected against the intense heat of the coal fires. The boat had been built to burn wood. At the beginning of her last voyage a passenger, no-

ticing this lack of protection, remarked upon it to a fireman. The latter replied, "O, we expect all to be burned up some day." The Lexington had been thoroughly overhauled and repaired only two months before, and was in first-rate order. She was valued at fifty thousand dollars. But she was a mud-scow compared with the steamers of the present day.

If a steamboat built forty years ago could be exhibited to-day in our harbor, what a sensation it would create! The little, insignificant contrivance would hardly be pronounced safe or comfortable for a harbor excursion. The boats of those days were open-decked from the smoke-stacks forward, and in a heavy sea were liable to be washed from one gangway to another. The guards were "sponded" up from stem to stern, and the full force of the sea striking them underneath made the steamer shake like an aspen leaf. The few state-rooms on the after-deck were small, cold, and uncomfortable, and the unventilated cabin below was but a slight improvement upon the hold of a ship. The want of fresh air, the numerous oil lamps and chandeliers, with the odoriferous exhalations from the inevitable "darky" waiters, all combined to produce odors somewhat different in quality from those "spicy breezes" which "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle."

Among the first "splendid" boats were those running from Providence, called the Benjamin Franklin, Chancellor Livingston, President, Providence, &c. The Lexington was built to eclipse these in beauty and speed, and was then considered a "thing of beauty."

We give below a partial list of the passengers on board the Lexington on this last and fatal voyage: —

Isaac Davis, of Boston; Charles W. Woolsey, of Boston; Robert Blake, of Wrentham. President Wrentham Bank; W. A. Greene, of Allen & Greene, Providence; Adolphus Harnden, Superintendent of Harnden's Express, who had in charge twenty thousand dollars in specie for the Massachusetts Bank, Boston, and from forty to fifty thousand dollars in bank notes; Nathaniel Hobart, of Boston; John Corey, of Foxboro'; John Brown, of Boston; Abraham Howard, of Howard & Merry; H. C. Craig, of Maitland, Kennedy, & Co., of New York; Robert Schultz, of New York; Captain J. D. Carver, of bark Brontes, of Plymouth; Alphonso Mason, of Gloucester; Charles Brackett, of New York; Captain Foster, of the John Gilpin, Providence; Jesse Comstock; Samuel Henry, of A. & S. Henry, Manchester, England; R. W. Dow, of Dow & Co., New York; C. H. Phelps, Stonington; Mrs. H. A. Winslow, New York; John Winslow, Providence; William Winslow, Providence (the three last mentioned were returning to Providence with the body of H. A. Winslow, who had died a few days previously); Rev. Dr. Follen, of Boston; Mr. White, of Boston; Mr. Pierce, of Portland, mate of the Brontes; Captain E. J. Kimball; Captain B. T. Foster (these captains had recently returned after several years' absence, and were on their way to visit their families at the east); Mr. Everett, Boston; Royal T. Church, Baltimore; Richard Picket, New-

buryport; Captain Low, agent of the Boston Underwriters; Mr. Ballou, or Bullard, of New York; Captain Theophilus Smith, Dartmouth, Mass.; Charles S. Noyes, New York; J. L. Sheafe, New York; A. E. Harding, of Harding & Co., New York; John Hoyt, mail contractor; Henry J. Finn, actor; Mrs. Russell Jarvis, New York, and two children; J. W. Kerle, Baltimore; Mr. Weston, of Weston & Pendexter, Baltimore; James G. Brown, of Shale & Brown, New Orleans; Mr. Walker, Baltimore; Stephen Waterbury, of Mead & Waterbury, New York; Mr. Woodward, Philadelphia; J. A. Leach, Boston; E. B. Patten, New York; Mr. Warner, of Warner, Loop & Bliss, New York; N. F. Dyer, Pittsburg, formerly of Braintree; H. C. Bradford, Boston; Charles Lee, Boston; John G. Stone, Boston; John Lemist, Treasurer Boston Leather Company; Jonathan Linfield, Stoughton; Mr. Van Cott, Stonington; Philo Upton, Egremont, Mass.; Mr. Stuyvesant, Boston; Captain Mattison; Robert Williams, Cold Spring, N. Y.; C. L. Eberle, actor, Boston; Captain Child, brother of the captain of the boat; Mr. Dorr, New York; Mr. Taylor, New York; P. O. Swaine, Mr. Lawrence, P. McKean, and C. Biswell, New York; John Walker, Cambridge; J. Howes, Cambridge; George B. Smith, Brookline.

Boat's Company. viz.: — Captain George Child; E. Thurber, first mate; J. R. Newman, steward; J. Sands, head waiter; C. Hempsted, first engineer; Captain Manchester, pilot; W. Quimby, second do.; M. Johnson, wheelman; R. B. Shultz, B. Cox, Charles

Smith, George ———, firemen; five colored waiters; Susan C. Hulcomb, chambermaid; J. Robinson, O. Howell, R. Peters, cooks; nine deck hands; two wood passers; barkeeper. Total number lost, one hundred and forty.

Saved. — Captain Chester Hillard, passenger; Captain Manchester, pilot; David Crowley, mate; John Smith, fireman.

Shortly after the commencement of Harnden's enterprise, he engaged, as clerk and general assistant, Mr. Dexter Brigham, Jr., a young man from Westboro', Mass., and a brother of the late lamented E. D. Brigham, President of the Metropolitan Railroad Company. Young Brigham possessed remarkable business talents, and was well appreciated by Mr. Harnden. He afterwards became, upon the decease of Harnden, the leading proprietor of the express. Mr. Harnden's struggles for success were now unceasing; but it was "up-hill work," and his almost incredible exertions were poorly rewarded. Business men, although convinced of its utility, gave his express but indifferent patronage — it was an experiment, and the "solid men of Boston" are proverbially shy of experiments. In these his days of almost unrewarded effort, he toiled incessantly; and his constitution, naturally feeble, received so great a strain that his health became permanently undermined, and he often expressed the opinion to his friends that he should never live to reap the results of his labors.

Alas! his fears proved to be but too well founded. Notwithstanding his failing health, he was ever on the alert, and never paused for the rest he so much needed.

About the period of his severest struggles, an unlooked-for assistance appeared. The line of Cunard steamers went into operation, and the consequent great increase of foreign packages to be delivered in New York gave a new impetus to his business. Harnden was wide awake to avail himself of the opportunities now offered, and his little Court Street office on steamer days presented a lively and bustling scene. We can well recall the appearance of Harnden as the well-filled wagon, driven by the now veteran driver, Levi Hodgkins, rolled up to the door, the famous old bull dog "Dan" occupying the seat with Levi.

By the way, that same old dog was a remarkable brute. His quick eye would instantly detect suspicious-looking individuals, and such persons he always followed closely about the office with a "watchful" eye upon their every motion. Harnden, with the inevitable cigar always between his lips, was "himself" on these occasions. Although cool, reserved, and chary of words, he was full of energy and impulse, always reticent, but absorbed in the work before him. Elated with the brilliant prospects now opening up, he conceived the idea of ornamenting his office with a grand scenic painting, representing the Cunard Wharf at East Boston, the steamer lying in the dock, and his express wagons loading up from the gangway. This

painting, which is remarkably well executed, and in size about fifteen feet in length by six feet in width, gives a very accurate representation of East Boston in 1840, and is really quite an object of curiosity, as it illustrates in a very marked manner, by comparison, the wonderful growth of our island ward. The painting is still in possession of the Harnden Express Company, at 98 Washington Street, and the associations connected with it render it an object of interest, particularly to railroad and expressmen.

Early Employees.

Among the earlier clerks and employees of William F. Harnden, several have risen to eminent positions in the business world. Several of them are particularly worthy of mention. J. L. Stone, now of the banking firm of Stone & Downer, was an efficient clerk for Harnden as early as 1839. Mr. Stone, and his worthy partner, Mr. Downer, also an expressman of the olden time, have achieved success in their present vocation — a success which they abundantly merit, for two more honest, upright, and genial men never trod the sidewalks of State Street.

M. M. Ballou, the successful publisher, James M. Thompson, the Springfield millionnaire, J. W. Lawrence, now Lawrence & Ryan, Oliver C. Wyman, Esq., noted as a successful dramatic and humorous writer, W. N. Melcher, now proprietor of the American Express Company, and many other well-known individuals, were connected with him. James Gay, now de-

ceased, was an efficient messenger for Harnden. He afterwards founded the noted firm of Gay, Kinsley, & Co., which has recently become absorbed in the Adams Express Company. Of all the original employees of Harnden & Co., none are now connected with that express. Eben Cain, who commenced as driver shortly after Harnden's decease, "still lives," and is now the oldest express driver in the business. Levi Hodgkins, the original driver for Harnden, now drives a job wagon, employed principally in business connected with the Custom House. Among the valued and confidential employees of Harnden, none stand higher in his esteem than Mr. J. W. Lawrence, now of the well-known firm of Lawrence & Ryan, Passenger Agents, No. 10 Broad Street, Boston. Mr. L. has many letters of Harnden's, which he values very highly. The bold, free style of his penmanship is characteristic of the man.

Harnden's Foreign Express.

The great impetus given Harnden's business by the advent of the Cunard steamers aroused in his breast the most ambitious aspirations, and he began to feel quite dissatisfied with the limited field of his operations. In 1841 he established his Boston and Albany Express over the Western Railroad. This was a move in the right direction, and had he continued pushing his business over that road and its connections, a princely fortune would have been the result; but he became infatuated with the idea that

a European express was the one thing needful and desirable. In August, 1841, he sent out to Liverpool Dexter Brigham, Jr., and J. L. Stone, to establish expresses in Liverpool, London, and Paris. They were successful in procuring good agents in these cities, and for two or three years the "English and Continental Express" was an apparent success; but the great expense of establishing and running it left no margin for dividends. This enterprise was the great mistake of Harnden's life. In addition to the ruinous outlay without equivalent returns, he concentrated his energies upon this hobby, to the great detriment of his domestic expresses. The now great and important Western route, which has made imperial fortunes for the present proprietors, was disposed of for a mere song to J. M. Thompson, a clerk in his Boston office, and R. L. Johnson, of Albany. This magnificent route was literally thrown away by Harnden, causing him, even before his death, many regrets for the infatuation, which, like many of the remote missionary enterprises of the present day, ignore a field of home usefulness for possible and problematical results in a distant quarter.

Harnden's health now began rapidly to fail, and during the fall of 1844 it was very evident that the "sands of his glass" were nearly run out. On the 14th day of January, 1845, he bade adieu to earthly scenes, at the early age of thirty-three. His remains were consigned to Mount Auburn, where a marble monument was erected to his memory.

The Pecuniary Results

of Harnden's hard labor for so many years of unremitting toil and mental anxiety were very small; in fact, he died poor, and left nothing but the inheritance of a good name to his wife and young family. The great outlay required for his European business had exhausted all his pecuniary resources, and his really paying routes had, as I have before mentioned, been disposed of for a mere pittance. He was a large-hearted man, of a hospitable nature, and, under the most favoring pecuniary circumstances, could not have accumulated a fortune.

Change of Proprietorship.

After his death, his surviving partner, Dexter Brigham, Jr., formed a copartnership with Robert Osgood, J. C. Kendall, and John W. Fenno. The latter gentleman was formerly a State Street banker, of the celebrated firm of Dana, Fenno, and Henshaw. For a year or more after Harnden's death, the business of the new concern perceptibly declined, and it was quite evident that the "beginning of the end" had commenced. Several changes in the style of the firm rapidly took place, and in 1850 the Harnden Express became the property of several individuals, under the style of Thompson, Livingston, & Co.; but they still retained the name of Harnden's Express. This change refers only to the New York and Philadelphia Express, as Brigham, Fenno, and Osgood con-

tinued the foreign express until 1851, when they caved in, with a tremendous crash, leaving a host of mourners in the shape of bills of exchange holders, which bills were more "honored in the breach than in the observance."

The Present Harnden Express

exists only in name. The great cormorant, the Adams Express Company, has "gobbled up" Harnden & Co., Kinsley & Co., Earle & Co., Leonard & Co., and last, but not least, the Merchants' Union Express Company. The present office, which does business under the style of Harnden & Co., is under the superintendence of Freeman Cobb, Esq., a gentleman who has few equals, and no superiors, as an express manager. Mr. Cobb, who is a Cape Cod boy, is a fair sample of the intelligent and enterprising sons of that barren region, prolific only in men and women remarkable the world over for intelligence and enterprise. He commenced as clerk for Adams & Co. in 1850, but subsequently went to Australia, where he accumulated a handsome fortune in staging and expressing. Having given a brief, but accurate, account of the Harnden Express from its inception, in 1839, up to its absorption by the Adams Express Company, the next great express enterprise in point of age, but not next in magnitude, claims the attention of our readers.

THE ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY,

which has acquired a world-wide renown for the magnitude of its transactions, realizing millions of dollars for its fortunate proprietors, and making fortunes for scores of enterprising men, commenced its career under circumstances of a very humble character. The extraordinary success of this great corporation could never have been foreseen by its senior proprietor, Alvin Adams, Esq., when he commenced in the year 1840, in connection with Mr. P. B. Burke, a humble opposition to William F. Harnden. Mr. Adams is a native of Vermont, and a good specimen of the physical productions of the Green Mountain State. He had no capital or influential friends, and for several years the path of life was a "hard road to travel." He was engaged first as an assistant at the Lafayette Hotel, opposite Boylston Market, and afterwards in the produce business, which did not prove remunerative; his business talent was reserved for something better adapted to his peculiar faculties. The plodding occupation of a retail produce dealer was every way unsuited to a brain capable of great combinations, and he was ever on the alert for something of a progressive character. He had the foresight to perceive that the express business inaugurated by Harnden would, in process of time, become a necessity to the mercantile community, and he fully made up his mind to start in the competitive race.

Up-hill Work.

The first few months of his undertaking were truly a season of "up-hill" work. Mr. Burke, after six months' experience, retired in disgust, a disheartened man; but Alvin Adams, notwithstanding the unpromising aspect of affairs, kept bravely at work. Many business men considered him an interloper upon the domains of Harnden, although he entered the field as an honorable competitor in a perfectly legitimate manner, because he was an opposition expressman. Mr. Adams very properly estimated these merely technical objections at their proper value, and "pushed things" with characteristic energy and courage. For a long time he acted as messenger, clerk, and boy; the business did not pay enough to employ wagon and driver. Mr. E. H. Brainard, the now celebrated wagon builder of South Boston, did the first wagon business for Adams. Leonard's Worcester Express, occupying the same room with Adams at 9 Court Street, had arranged with Brainard to deliver their freight, and Adams "improved the opportunity" to arrange with "Ned" to do his work. It was not a very "paying" business for Brainard; but he is one of those good-hearted, generous souls, who cannot help doing a good turn whenever the occasion offers, and he generously assisted Adams by every means in his power. Mr. Hall, a brother-in-law of Adams, entered the Boston office as clerk, and W. B. Dinsmore, a Boston boy, assumed the agency at New York. Dinsmore pos-

sessed many good qualities for his position. He was active, energetic, and industrious, of a chatty, sociable nature, and made many friends and customers.

The first three years of Adams & Co.'s Express were years of hard sledding; nor did their business improve to any extent until Harnden & Co. became so absorbed in their foreign operations that their home express suffered considerably by want of attention to its details. Adams, ever on the alert to improve his opportunities, took advantage of this state of things, and redoubled his efforts to secure patronage. As a natural consequence, he began gradually to prosper. He had also the sagacity to secure good, capable employees. "Uncle" Woodward, formerly a New Hampshire stage driver, was engaged to drive and collect freight. Woodward proved himself a valuable acquisition, his industry, faithfulness, and affable manners combining to make him a profitable and popular employee. "Uncle" Woodward, after an active career as stage and express driver for more than forty years, retired from the business about five years ago, and with the hard-earned proceeds of his useful toil purchased a small farm out West, and is living, we hope, in a state of comparative ease. Among the early employees of Adams, mention should be made of Charles H. Brainard, Esq., now a popular lecturer, and one of the best elocutionists extant. He is a most ardent admirer of Whittier, and recites his beautiful poem, "Maud Muller," in a style this unequalled production demands for the delectation of fastidious

ears. Thomas O. Goold, one of the early messengers of Adams, was an energetic, capable man, and greatly distinguished himself by his efforts to save their property when the ill-fated steamer Atlantic was wrecked on Fisher's Island, on the night of November 25, 1846.

This fearful disaster, which involved the loss of so much life and property, happened a few miles out of New London, when battling with the furious gale, she broke some portion of her machinery, and soon became unmanageable. She began to drift, and after an unequal contest with the howling gale, struck upon the rocks of Fisher's Island, and in a few hours went to pieces.

Most of the boat hands and the passengers of experience in steamboat travel escaped safely by jumping from the leeward as each wave ran out, but others, in their fright and ignorance, jumped overboard from the windward side into deep water, and were immediately drowned.

Mr. Goold succeeded in saving the money and valuables of Adams & Co., and was instrumental in saving the lives of twenty individuals. For his gallantry on this occasion he received a splendid gold watch and chain from Adams & Co., and a medal from the Boston Humane Society.

We add to the above brief mention of a great disaster, the following account, written for another publication, by "An Old Expressman."

A FEARFUL STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

Two Heroes; Thomas O. Goold and Captain J. K. Dustan.

The loss of steamer Atlantic near Fisher's Island, Long Island Sound, on Thursday night, Dec. 25, 1846, has been alluded to in another chapter. A mention of this heart-rending disaster will, in many families, call up painful recollections of a calamity which deprived them of a cherished member. One instance we especially recall to mind was that of Mr. Andrew Collamore, a young business man of this city, who was widely known and esteemed in business and social circles, who was journeying to New York to be married on Thanksgiving evening. On that fearful night the cold, icy waves of Long Island Sound embraced the ardent young lover, and shrouded in grief the life of a beautiful and devoted young lady.

The steamer Atlantic, a new and elegant steamer, the costliest and stanchest boat which had up to that time floated on the Sound, was totally lost, with upwards of fifty passengers, on a reef of rock, off Fisher's Island, a few miles out of New London, in the fearful gale of December 25 and 26, 1846. The 25th was Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving. The weather had been threatening all day, but towards night the wind increased to a gale, accompanied by snow. Captain Dustan, who was an able and experienced captain, had some misgivings about putting out on such an unpromising night, but two reasons induced him to venture. One was, the anxiety of his passengers to

arrive in New York and spend Thanksgiving with their friends and relatives, and the other, his great confidence in the strength and sea-going qualities of his new, but untried, steamer. He had been wishing for a rough trip, in order to give her a good test. Unfortunately this wish was met on this occasion.

Had it not been for an unforeseen accident, there was good reason for belief that the captain's splendid seamanship, and the stanch qualities of the boat, would have carried her safely through. When off Fisher's Island, and in the teeth of the gale, her steam chest burst, and she became unmanageable. To keep her head to the wind, the bow anchor was dropped; but this did not prevent dragging. Another, but smaller, anchor was got out, and she rode through the dreadful night, but slowly and surely dragged towards the reef. With the advent of morning the gale increased in fury, and soon it became evident that going ashore was only a question of time. Throughout that dreadful Thanksgiving day she slowly drifted towards the cruel rocks, finally striking about six o'clock P. M.

Then followed a scene of distress and terror which can hardly be imagined. The wretched passengers, some praying, and others rushing frantically about, saw no chance of escape through the boiling surf to the rocky shore, over which the heavy seas dashed with fearful violence. In this scene of peril, Captain Dustan behaved with great coolness and courage, going about among the despairing passengers, and

speaking words of encouragement. The steamship finally wore round by the force of the wind, and her stern struck the shore, leaving that portion of the vessel, when the waves receded, in quite shoal water. A few individuals, blessed with coolness and presence of mind, here saw a possible chance of escape, and, jumping from the stern, rushed through the shallow waters and gained the shore. Among them was Thomas O. Goold, who not only saved the bulk of Adams & Co.'s valuable packages, but, by his almost incredible exertions, saved the lives of more than twenty passengers, he rushing through the surf and assisting them to the shore. Had they all possessed his nerve and courage, few lives would have been lost; but timidity and hesitation sealed their fate, for the tremendous sea soon stove in pieces her upper works, and the hapless passengers were sent struggling into the remorseless waves. About fifty perished in the surf and among the rocks, while many were dashed, stunned and mutilated, upon the shore. Captain Dustan, who had heroically refused to avail himself of the only practicable means of escape, saying that he would be the last to leave his steamer, was thrown among the breakers, and is supposed to have been stunned by contact with the rocks, for he immediately sunk. His body was recovered at low water. Mr. Goold, for his courageous conduct, received a gold medal from the Humane Society, and a valuable gold watch suitably inscribed from Adams & Co.'s Express. The untimely death of Captain Dustan caused universal

sorrow, for he was popular as well as brave. The following thrilling story, which we copy from the Boston Evening Transcript of January 2, 1847, will be read with interest. It well illustrates the daring intrepidity of the man. It originally appeared in the New York Herald.

"A few years since — and the circumstance is still fresh in the memory of our readers — he commanded the ill-fated Lexington. On her passage to this city from Providence, with some two hundred passengers, a terrible storm overtook her, such, perhaps, as was witnessed in the loss of the Atlantic. After beating about and struggling for a long time, and when the gale was at its height, she *unshipped her rudder!* A fearful cry went up from all on board, and all was given up for lost. The boat beat about, and the wind was fast driving her to the shore, where in a short time she would have been dashed into pieces, and every soul on board have perished. Captain Dustan called on his men, and asked which of them would jump into the sea and lash a rope to the rudder, that it might be re-shipped. No one had the courage to do it. Five hundred dollars was then offered as an inducement, but it was not accepted. Fifteen minutes more and the boat would be dashed in pieces — the breakers were almost within reach. A thousand dollars was then offered — the passengers clung round the captain in fearful suspense, and waiting with dreadful anxiety to hear some one accept the offer; but the risk was too great, the fate too terrible to at-

tempt. No one, either among the passengers or crew, dared accept it — a thousand dollars was no consideration for such a fearful risk. Captain Dustan withdrew, and the passengers gave themselves up to hopeless despair. A few minutes of awful, horrible reflection ensued, when a cry was heard — 'A man overboard! — a man overboard! It ran like an electric shock through the chilled and frightened multitude, as an omen of the fate which momentarily awaited them. But still greater was the shock when the cry was heard — 'It is Captain Dustan! — It is Captain Dustan!'

"It was Captain Dustan — he had tied a rope round his body, stationed two or three of his men at the sternpost, and leaped into the sea. Manfully he buffeted the waves, now seen riding at the top of the highest wave, and now swallowed up in the trough of the sea, tossing, struggling, and working his way to the loose rudder. At length he gained it; he lashed the rope to it, and in ten minutes he was dragged on board the boat — the rudder was hung, and two hundred lives saved by his daring intrepidity."

Other early Employees of Adams & Co.

Two of the most efficient men ever employed by Adams & Co. were Charles and D. H. Haskell, two brothers. They were both prompt, active, and thoroughly efficient business men, popular with customers, and by their successful exertions Adams & Co.'s Express gained much of its early renown. Charles

Haskell has resided at the South for a number of years, and D. H. Haskell is in California. To the latter individual Adams & Co. are indebted for the foundation of their present prosperity.

The company, although gradually increasing its business, and beginning to make its mark in the mercantile community, did not accumulate anything to its capital, as the running expenses often exceeded the receipts. To any one familiar with express business, it is hardly necessary to say, that it takes a host of packages daily, at twenty-five cents and upwards in each package, to pay office rent, the salary of clerks, the board of horses, the wear and tear of teams, harnesses, &c., and the actual living, which the proprietors must have.

Express messengers are for the most part a hard-working and estimable class, deserving encouragement from the public, and toleration for the few faults they commit. Their vocation is often a laborious and difficult one, and the responsibilities which devolve upon them, and which are seldom abused, should be considered when they come to be paid, and should excuse a little tardiness or other trifling error. When the temptation which is constantly before them is considered, and the rareness with which the messengers yield to it, we see that no other class is more generally honorable, or more deserving of commendation.

The Tide of Fortune turns.

The great event in the history of Adams & Co.'s Express, which turned the tide of fortune in their favor, was the establishment of the California Express, in September, 1849. This great enterprise was given in charge of D. Hale Haskell. He secured a small building at San Francisco, and at once commenced vigorous operations. The enterprise was a success from the start, and the little office was daily thronged by an eager crowd of miners, armed with their bags of precious dust, each one anxious to be the first served.

The rapidly increasing business soon demanded larger accommodations, and the small building was enlarged to double its former dimensions. More help in the clerical department was imperatively demanded, and the force was increased from time to time by able and experienced express clerks. Among them were John M. Freeman and William H. Hall. Mr. Hall was formerly in the employ of his brother, John R. Hall, Superintendent of the Eastern Express, in Boston. He was in the office of Adams & Co., at San Francisco, for several years, and finally, upon the retirement of Adams and Dinsmore, in 1854, with D. H. Haskell and J. C. Woods, assumed the proprietorship of the express, but still retained the name of Adams & Co., which retention afterwards, upon the failure of the new concern, involved Mr. Adams in vexatious and expensive litigation.

The extensive operations of Adams & Co., in connection with their California Express, gave them a notoriety the world over, adding to their renown fame of a profitable character, and solid pecuniary results. Their great success induced other enterprising expressmen to enter the promising field, and the present well-known firm of Wells, Fargo, & Co. commenced operations. This concern has met with some reverses, and has suffered from many robberies, but has always maintained its standing and integrity. The great source of the Adams Express Company's immense wealth was the vast and profitable business during the war.

CHAPTER III.

Business during the War.

No person outside of the express business can conceive of the magnitude of the Adams Express Co.'s transactions during the war. On the nearest and most remote fields of our army's operations, the agents and employees of this great company were ever on the alert, venturing often where a picket guard would hardly venture, collecting of the hardy soldiers moneys, letters, lockets, watches, and other valuables for transmission to the "loved ones at home." Upon the paying off of a regiment, the express agents gathered an immense harvest of these packages. But the most melancholy duty devolving upon the agents and messengers was the transmission, after an engagement, of the bodies of the killed to their friends. Many a painful scene has an "old expressman" witnessed at the home office, when the corpse of a poor soldier has been delivered to a weeping and heart-broken wife, child, or parent.

Sometimes a soldier on a distant southern field sends a "confiscated" article of property to his family as a trophy of war.

These trophies varied in bulk and value, from a horse to a poodle dog — from a piano-forte to a jews-harp! Many of the soldiers, particularly those from the State of Maine, were apparently brought up to habits of rigid economy, and were exceedingly careful of their old clothes. After a new fit-out was furnished a regiment, the ragged, filthy, and worthless duds were packed in boxes and sent home to their friends from sadly mistaken motives of economy — thousands of these boxes constantly arriving per express to their destination, often from remote regions of the West and South, a large proportion of them freight unpaid, at burdensome charges to the almost destitute families. Hundreds and probably thousands of these boxes have passed under the inspection of the writer, with charges varying from five to twenty-five dollars and upwards, the contents of which were utterly worthless unless as paper stock. This species of freight, although of little intrinsic value, coined money for the expresses, as full rates were charged and exacted.

The money-package portion of the business proved immensely profitable, the risk being small, the charges high, and the number of packages almost innumerable. During the war, the Adams Express Co. made big dividends to the stockholders, and at one period the stock rose to the enormous price of five hundred dollars per share — the par value being one hundred. These were harvest days for all the large express companies — days which will "never come again."

The Adams Express Company

of to-day is a mammoth affair — growing great by its legitimate growth, but continually swelling its huge proportions by swallowing its competitors, be they of great or small dimensions. Into its capacious maw have disappeared some dozen or more expresses noted in their day and generation, representing capital and business to an immense amount. The great moneyed resources of the Adams Express Co. make it a formidable opponent to ambitious competitors, and the solid, substantial character of the company, ever able to meet any loss which it may incur, gives it a power and influence in the business community which a weaker organization can never command.

The present "Head Centre" of the company, No. 57 Court Street, is one of the notable places of Boston. The iron front building, which is an ornament to Court Street, occupies, in part, the site of the celebrated Brattle Street parsonage, a building of historical renown. Alvin Adams, Esq., the respected founder of this great company, can daily be seen at his desk, his energy unabated by the care and toil of years, and his thoughtful countenance ever reflecting through genial smiles the goodness of his heart.

He has a corps of able workers in every department of the extensive concern. His sons, Waldo and Edwin Adams, having received a thorough express education, are fully competent to supervise the immense business daily transacted; and they take a pro-

fessional pride in carrying out the liberal ideas of the senior proprietor. Messrs. Lovering, Dow, and Warner are valuable men in their several departments, and contribute greatly by their active exertions to facilitate the transactions of this great and popular company.

As an illustration of the present magnitude of the Adams Express Co.'s business, it will be interesting to glance at the following statistics taken from the company's books, January 1, 1872:—

Number of men employed, ...	3,598
" horses, ...	839
" wagons, ...	633
" safes, ...	1,236
Number of miles travelled daily, . . .	55,201
" " yearly, .	16,118,255

The American Express Company.

The next express in point of magnitude, but not in age, is the great American Express Co. It was commenced by Henry Wells, Esq., now its president. Mr. Wells, previous to embarking in the express business, was engaged at Albany in the freight and passenger business, as a forwarding agent. He was early distinguished for his great energy and intelligence. By his good judgment in the selection of the right sort of men as associates in his enterprise, his success from the start was an assured fact. His first partners were George Pomeroy and Crawford Livingston, both men of first-class ability. William G. Fargo,

John Butterfield, and other persons of acknowledged business talent were subsequently connected with the company, and in the course of a few years it became a "power in the land." One of the most

Extraordinary Robberies

ever recorded in the annals of crime is associated with the early history of this express. In September, 1855, the United States receiver at Dubuque, Iowa, delivered the agent of the American Express Co. at that place two small hard wood boxes purporting to contain twenty-five thousand dollars, each, in gold coin, principally twenty dollar pieces. The boxes were directed to the assistant treasurer, New York. They were not subjected to any detention on the road, but were delivered from one messenger to another at different points, apparently in good order, until they passed into the hands of the messenger from Albany to New York, when he discovered on the route that one of the boxes had, to all appearance, been tampered with, as the cover was not screwed down tight. On looking closely, he thought he discovered something like lead inside, but concluded to keep quiet about the matter until arriving in New York. As soon as possible after his arrival, he placed the boxes upon the wagon in waiting, and rapidly drove to the assistant treasurer's office. They were immediately opened, and found to contain, instead of the precious metal, bullets and sheet lead.

It was very evident that the original boxes had been

abducted, and the bogus ones substituted somewhere on the route. The boxes were of the same size, weight, and general appearance of those delivered by the receiver at Dubuque; but how they could be duplicated in their rapid transit seemed an unfathomable mystery; indeed, it has never been explained. The express company were not only astonished, but confounded. Their agents and messengers were men of character and of apparent integrity. Their fidelity was not questioned; but who were the robbers? After several months of unavailing effort to discover the perpetrators and their spoils, the company gave up the search as fruitless, and paid into the sub-treasury the fifty thousand dollars with interest.

Some months subsequent to this event, the company received information from Haverhill, Mass., that two persons belonging in Lowell, and known to be "soldiers of fortune," were, to the surprise of their old acquaintances, quite "flush," one of them depositing a large amount of gold in the Haverhill Bank, and both purchasing largely of real estate, paying for the same in gold. One shrewd individual, bearing in mind the robbery, and knowing that these parties were intimately acquainted with Samuel C. White, the messenger of the American Express Co. between Chicago and Detroit, and that they were both in Chicago at the date of the robbery, wrote to the company, detailing these facts. Mr. Wells, connecting them with another suspicious circumstance, viz., the resignation of White a few weeks after the robbery,

on a plea that his salary was too small for his services, — a statement rather inconsistent with his profuse expenditure of money, — he concluded to employ a detective to work up the case. The detective proved more efficient than some who have "operated" in Boston and New York of late, for he succeeded in procuring evidence, though mainly circumstantial, which was deemed so conclusive that the three bold robbers were sentenced to a long imprisonment in the State Prison. The company never recovered any portion of their lost property.

Some of the Old Expresses.

Many of the expresses established at the outset of Harnden's Express "still live." One of the oldest, Leonard's Express, has been absorbed by the Adams Express Company. This express was established in 1840, by S. S. Leonard, and was run by himself and son, Colonel S. H. Leonard, between Boston and Worcester, for many years. Mr. Leonard, Senior, has been greatly afflicted of late years by the failure of his eyesight. He resides now in Worcester, possessing a comfortable competency.

Colonel Hatch, of the New Bedford Express, is an "old stager." He is a somewhat peculiar individual, and is noted for his hatred of notoriety; but he possesses the bump of "goaheadativeness" largely developed. The colonel started his express in 1840, and, notwithstanding considerable competition, has always "held his own." He is shrewd, as well as original, and

possesses a gift of oratory which would years ago have given him a prominent position as a public speaker, had his tastes run in that direction.

Earle & Co.'s Providence Express has also been absorbed by the American Express Co. It was commenced in 1840, by Ben D. & L. B. Earle, and for a long series of years transacted a large business between Boston and Providence. Ben D. Earle died several years ago, leaving a handsome property, amassed in his well-managed business.

Niles & Co.'s Dover Express is an ancient institution. What express or railroad man does not know "Uncle Niles"? — one of the veteran New Hampshire stage drivers, and the jolliest, best natured man in the business; which is saying a great deal. "Uncle" Niles is a joker of the first water, and some of his stories are hard to beat. Happening, one day, in the vicinity of Quincy Market, his attention was attracted by a crowd surrounding a huge canvas-covered wagon, on which was painted, in mammoth letters, "Great Curiosity: Behemoth hog, weighing 2000 pounds." One of the market butchers, noticing Mr. Niles, exclaimed, "Well, Uncle Niles, you can't raise such pork in New Hampshire." "No," says the veteran expressman. "We don't deal in such small fry up there. One of my neighbors killed a 'pig' last fall which weighed, when dressed, thirteen thousand five hundred and twenty-five pounds nine ounces! His 'innards,' were made into sausages, which, when filled, were laid down on the highways by the county commissioners,

and reached one way from Dover to Concord, and the other from Dover to Portsmouth, forming *connecting links* between the three places!" The butcher vamosed.

Favor's Eastport Express was at one time a favorite with the public. His route was from Boston to Eastport and Calais, Maine, to St. John, N. B. Colonel Favor was an uumitigated joker and a good fellow, *per se.* Very few passengers having occasion to travel on the old steamer Admiral, fifteen or twenty years ago, will forget the colonel or his hospitality. His state-room was the nightly resort of all the "good fellows" on board, and his bottle of "Hennessy" always honored the most exhaustive draughts. What though the night was dark and tempestuous, the briny waves dashing fore and aft over the stanch Admiral, the gallant boat creaking and groaning under the blows of the mighty billows — of what account was all this outside commotion to the unterrified crowd in the colonel's snug room? Songs were sung, stories told, and joviality reigned supreme. On those occasions Colonel Favor was in his element. A good story of the colonel's ready wit is related by an eye and ear witness.

"KISSING GOES BY FAVOR."

This old saying was nicely illustrated one morning on the steamboat wharf at Eastport. The "last bell" of the Admiral had been rung, and just as the "gang planks" were about being hauled in, the gallant

colonel (who was always a prime favorite of the ladies) was in the act of passing in his valise, when his attention was arrested by the arrival of a buxom lass, a first-rate specimen of rural beauty, who accosted him with, "Colonel Favor, dear colonel, I want to send a message by you to Boston." No galvanic shock ever operated upon a "subject" with greater force than the exclamation "dear colonel" upon the susceptible expressman.

"What can I do for you, my dear?" exclaims the gallant colonel.

"I want to send a sweet kiss to Jenny D——; how shall I do it?" replied the lass.

"Do it?" says the ardent expressman; "why, kissing always goes by favor!" and turning his cheek to the blooming damsel, he received a perfect bouncer. A wag on board, observing the proceeding, quietly remarked, "*That* kiss went by a *smack*."

The Eastern Express Company.

This successful company is the only large express concern (with one exception — Cheney & Co.) doing business without competition, and extending over an extensive territory, exclusively on their "own hook" The business of this express is hardly second in amount and importance to that of the Adams Express Company. Their routes penetrate every portion of the great State of Maine, and extend through every part of the British Provinces, terminating at Halifax.

They also connect with the Grand Trunk Road at Portland, and share with the British and North American Express Company the business from and beyond the Canadas coming over the Grand Trunk Road. The Eastern Express Company, like many other extensive corporations, had a very humble origin.

John R. Hall, Esq., its present superintendent and principal owner, is a native of Greenfield, Mass., and came to Boston in 1840 to act as express clerk for his uncle, P. C. Hale, of Hale & Forbes's Newburyport Express, whose office was located in the rear of Harnden's office, No. 8 Court Street. Mr. Hall is a born expressman, and possesses a larger amount of practical ability than any other man in his business. He is quiet and unassuming in manner, but clear-headed and decisive in action. His intimate familiarity with all the details of express business, and his daily personal attention to its management, are fully shown in the success of the Eastern Express Company.

In 1841 or '2 Mr. George S. Carpenter commenced running an express from the Kennebec River towns, Augusta, North Gardiner, Hallowell, &c., and secured the services of Mr. Hall as his agent. Jerome's Express, from Bangor and towns on the Penobscot River, also employed Mr. Hall. Child & Co.'s Portland Express was soon added to his agency. The accommodations at No. 8 began to prove rather small for the rapidly increasing business, and Mr. Hall gladly improved the opportunity to secure more spacious and suitable accommodations in the then new

Museum Buildings, Court Square, which were leased by Mr. B. P. Cheney, of Cheney & Co.'s Express.

This was in 1847. The following year Mr. Benjamin Longley, of Portland, succeeded Child & Co., and taking Mr. Hall for a partner, the express became Longley & Co. Mr. F. H. Hodgman, of Bangor, also secured Mr. Hall as partner, and subsequently Mr. F. W. Carr, of Bangor, and the express became Hodgman, Carr, & Co. Mr. Longley retired from the Portland Express in 1852, and J. N. Winslow, of Portland, formed a copartnership with J. R. Hall, under the style of Winslow & Co.

In 1856, the three express firms of Winslow & Co., Hodgman, Carr, & Co., and Carpenter & Co., consolidated under the style of the Eastern Express Co. This company has met with great success, making handsome fortunes for the proprietors. The profits of their business during the war were enormous. Mr. Horace Shaw has been in the employ of the Eastern Express Co. for more than twenty years. Mr. James F. Slater, the Portland messenger, has also been employed by Mr. Hall for more than eighteen years. The company employs efficient men for every department of the business, and its affairs are managed shrewdly and successfully.

The freight department of the Eastern Express Co. is under the supervision of Mr. George F. Averill, a man of marked ability. Mr. Rice, Mr. Libby, and Mr. Rea are very efficient employees of this prosperous company.

Cheney & Company.

This prosperous and well-established express company, fortunate in having, like the Eastern Express Co., no competitors to divide the "spoils," originated with Benjamin P. Cheney, who commenced his career as a stage agent at the old office, No. 11 Elm Street, about thirty-five years ago. This small brick building, which stands "solitary and alone," adjoining the old Wildes Hotel, No. 11 Elm Street, has a history. It was built some forty-five years ago, to accommodate the agents of various stage routes which centred in Elm Street, and in its day was a place of popular resort for news, &c., equalling, in some characteristics, the present Mechanics' Exchange, corner of Wilson's Lane and State Street; both institutions monopolizing the adjoining sidewalks for their exhibitions of "chin music" and tobacco squirting.

Benjamin P. Cheney came from New Hampshire, where he was for many years a popular stage driver. No one, to look at him as he briskly steps into his office, No. 39 Court Square, would imagine the dapper youthful looking individual the veteran that he is. His only equal for protracted and perennial youth is found at No. 49 Long wharf, in the person of the renowned "Acorn." He (Acorn) is indebted probably to the preserving qualities of *salt* for his juvenile bloom. Mr. Cheney commenced business as an expressman about 1840, in a rear room of Hardnen's office, No. 8 Court Street. By diligence and application, his busi-

ness increased so rapidly that his quarters were transferred, in 1847, to Railroad Exchange, Court Square. He devotes but a small portion of his time to the onerous details of office business, his able assistants, Messrs. Cushing, Geer, and Hawley assuming the superintendence of his large express transactions.

THE LATE FIRM OF FISKE & COMPANY,

with which Mr. Cheney has long been associated, has had great success. The route was established in 1850 by Liberty Bigelow, Esq., the present temporary and accomplished active president of the Metropolitan Railroad Co. Mr. Bigelow commenced on the Fitchburg Road when it opened, and ran the first expres via that road. Mr. B. subsequently sold out to Phineas S. Fiske and H. F. Rice. Mr. Fiske was formerly in the dry goods trade, as partner with Henry Poor, Esq., now in New York. Not succeeding in that line, he tried the express business as an experiment, and reaped a rich pecuniary reward. Mr. Fiske was a man of splendid social qualities, of fine personal appearance, and won troops of friends by his generous and manly traits of character. His recent decease, in the prime of life, is universally regretted. The express is now absorbed by Cheney & Co., and is in every respect a "paying" institution.

CHAPTER IV.

Various Expresses.

An old expressman has given brief but accurate accounts of all the principal express companies, and will finish the catalogue by noticing a few of the smaller expresses, as a detailed notice of the whole would prove about as interesting to the general reader as a perusal of the chapters of the book of Genesis, describing the genealogy of the patriarchs,—one express "begat" another, about as regularly as the ancient worthies "begat" their successors. An enormous business, in the aggregate, is transacted by the almost innumerable host of smaller expresses, and the importance of their operations to the business community can hardly be estimated.

The First Expressman.

In the first chapter it is stated that W. C. Gray, of Lowell, ran the first express between that place and Boston. Mr. A. S. Tyler, of Lowell, claims that his father, Mr. Silas Tyler, ran an express over that road prior to Mr. Gray. "An Old Expressman" has taken some pains to investigate the claim of Mr. Tyler,

and finds that, soon after the opening of the road, in 1835, Mr. Tyler ran a car over the road, partly in his own and partly in the interest of the railroad company. This business he disposed of in 1836 to Mr. W. C. Gray. Mr. Tyler is still living in Lowell at the advanced age of seventy-five years.

Mr. Gray is still living in Lowell, but has had no connection with the express business for several years. With the ordinary express business he combined that of running as bank messenger between Lowell and Boston. He also added to the bank business, carrying money packages for firms and individuals, and forwarding small bundles, &c. He drove quite a brisk business before the advent of Harnden. He was succeeded by Tuck, Sargent, and others. The express business is now in the hands of the Lowell and Nashua Railroad, who employ Penniman, Colonel Jones, and others to supervise and manage.

Jackson and Akerman, of the Portsmouth Express, are old stagers; Jackson has run on the Portsmouth route for nearly thirty years. Eben Page has made his daily trips between Boston and Gloucester for the same length of time. Both these expressmen were stage drivers of "y^{e} olden time."

Humors of Expressmen.

It is doubtful if a more genial, humorous, or ready-witted set of men can be "scared up" in any department of business than among the proprietors' messengers and drivers of expresses. The nature of their

business brings them into contact with everything and everybody, and they are usually very apt pupils, always ready to pick up anything new, especially if it partakes of a ludicrous character. Practical jokes are not uncommon, and are generally appreciated, no matter on what side the "laugh comes in."

An express agent at Portland, Me., a man of quiet and grave demeanor, noted for his love of singing birds, was, one evening, upon the arrival of the express from Boston, somewhat surprised and gratified to receive a note from the Boston agent, informing him that on the previous day, whilst visiting an emigrant ship at Lewis's Wharf, he had purchased for a mere trifle a couple of magnificent singing birds, and having no accommodations for them at his boarding-house, had concluded to make his old friend a present of the rare songsters, in return for many past favors. Accompanying the note was a large cage, carefully enveloped in wrapping paper, perforated by numerous air holes. The cage bore a card marked in legible characters, "Irish Linnets; with great care."

The Portland agent, highly delighted, hurried through with his evening duties, and carefully taking up the cage, with its precious contents, started for the "bosom of his family." Arriving at his house, he soon notified the household of his good fortune, and assembling the members in the parlor, he proceeded carefully to remove the wrappers, disclosing to view, to the amazement of wife and children, and horror of Bridget, a cage of bullfrogs! "Irish linnets," indeed!

Another Express and Railroad Veteran.

Major Jones, the enterprising and genial agent of the Nashua and Lowell Railroad Express Company, has had a long and varied experience of "riding on a rail." The major commenced operations as an operative on the Lowell Road when it was laid out, in 1833, and made himself "generally useful" in a variety of capacities. He ran the first train between Lowell and Nashua, and has nearly ever since daily travelled over the two roads. Railroading evidently agrees with the major, as he pulls down the scales at three hundred avoirdupois, always has the appetite and capacity for a good "square meal," and is ever ready to greet his friends and patrons with a good old-fashioned shake of the hand and a pleasant word. Major Jones and "Uncle Niles," both veterans, run from the same offices, and are both jolly specimens of the veteran expressmen.

The Irishman and Bull Dog.

"Uncle Niles" tells the story of an Irishman taking the train at Dover, N. H., for Boston, having for a companion a huge bull dog. There was no room for the ugly brute in any of the passenger cars, and the baggage master positively refused admission to the animal in the baggage car. In this dilemma the Irishman accepted the proposition of the conductor, who was something of a wag, that the dog be fastened to the rear car by means of a rope around his neck, and

made to "work his passage." Patrick thought it would be an aisy way to get the dog along; so a rope was procured, fastened around the neck of the brute just behind the ears, and hitched to the rear platform. Pat, satisfied that he had done a "big thing," retired to the smoking car, lighted his "dudheen," and did not leave his seat until the train, which was an express train, had accomplished some twenty miles. Passing out of the rear car, he gave a loud whistle, expecting an immediate response from the "dorg." No answering whine, bark, or growl was heard in reply, and Pat, apprehending some calamity, cast his "wishful eye" over the platform only to behold the distorted features of his canine friend bobbing up and down in a most unaccountable manner. Upon investigation it was found that the legs of the "dorg" had failed in the early part of the way to "do their duty," and, as a consequence, his body, legs, and tail had, by friction with the rough, frozen earth, over which he had been so rapidly hurried, worn off to just behind his ears, leaving his ugly "mug" dangling in the air to the great astonishment of poor Pat.

An Eccentric Expressman

was little Ross, who for a number of years ran an express between Worcester and Providence. His labels and bill-heads always read, "Ross; xpress over the beautiful Providence and Worcester Road." Ross was a queer-looking little fellow, about four feet ten in height, and weighing about one hundred pounds or

less. He was scrupulously neat in his dress, but the style of his garments was unique and original, remarkably so. He delighted in violent contrast in his choice of colors, often appearing in a black swallow-tail coat with crimson velvet collar, a vest of blue plush, pants of a "stunning" plaid, boots turning up in front like Dutch skates, with peaked toes, and a funny little peaked hat. His countenance well matched with his eccentric costume, and his little twinkling gray eyes were full of merriment. He was, in fact, what the "Bowery boys" would call a "gay little rooster." His dwelling-house was in keeping with his outfit in other respects. It was so constructed that the doors, instead of opening as usual, dropped down in grooves, and disappeared beneath the feet of the person entering. The ceiling was carpeted instead of the floor, and the furniture was of unique and original construction, combining features more novel than useful. Ross was very diligent in business, prompt, attentive, and faithful, and as conspicuous for enterprise as for originality.

The Man that was slewed.

Eben Cain, the veteran driver of Harnden's Express, has been an express driver for more than twenty years. Eben is not only active and capable, but is a "fellow of infinite jest." One morning which succeeded a night of hilarity, — the occasion being the annual expressmen's sleigh ride, — he was accosted

by a fellow driver with, "*Cain*, were you the man that *slew Abel?*"

"No," says Eben: "I was the man that was *slewed!*"

One of Uncle Sam's Blunders.

"An Old Expressman" well remembers the ludicrous results of a blunder made by a clerk in one of the government departments at Washington, in directing a valuable box of books. The box contained several hundred volumes of scientific works, and was designed for Harvard University, but was marked by some blundering employee, "For the Cambridge Lyceum, Cambridge, Me." The valuable box was delivered to the Eastern Express Company, to forward to destination. As Cambridge, Me., is an obscure village in the interior of the state, and only accessible by a stage route from the nearest railroad point, a reasonable doubt was expressed by the agent of the Eastern line as to the correctness of the direction. However, it was decided to "obey orders if you break owners," and the heavy box was started. The express messenger who accompanied it over the railroad, and the astonished stage driver who laboriously "toted" it over a rough road, some twenty miles, more or less, both entertained grave doubts respecting its destination, but it was their business to deliver it as marked.

It arrived late in the evening, and was left at the village tavern over night. The next morning the

quiet village of Cambridge was in a state of commotion wonderful to witness. A crowd of gaping rustics surrounded the mysterious box, and various were the surmises as to its contents. A committee was chosen, consisting of the minister, lawyer, storekeeper, justice of the peace, fence-viewer, and hog-reeve, to decide where it came from and to whom it belonged. The ancient inscription on the Dighton Rock never puzzled the learned *savants* as did the simple direction on this unlooked-for arrival. The "first men" of the place, after a critical examination of the collection of splendidly bound volumes with which the box was filled, retired for serious deliberation, and finally decided to call a public meeting, and if possible solve the momentous mystery. The next evening witnessed a miscellaneous crowd, composed of men, women, and children, in the hall over the tavern. Deacon S., Squire B., and General F. ventilated their rustic elocution, and offered many shrewd suggestions, but nothing said or done served to explain why Uncle Sam indulged in such an ebullition of generosity as donating to the village of Cambridge so valuable a collection of books.

The difficulty of knowing what to do in such an emergency was at last happily solved by the district schoolmaster, who suggested that the munificent donation was intended for the Cambridge Debating Club, an association of embryo orators, formed for the purpose of mutual improvement in "chin music." As the young men composing the club represented every family in the thinly settled but extensive district, the

elaborately bound volumes were soon distributed far and wide, adorning every mantel-piece and book-shelf for miles around.

In the mean time the Cambridge Lyceum, not receiving their box of books as advised, sent to the department at Washington to learn why the delay. Adams's Express Company was consulted, and they returned word, "Delivered according to directions." The result was a "difference of opinion" between the Department and the Adams Express Company, which was only settled by the express company sending a special messenger to Cambridge, Me., who returned bearing, triumphantly, the cover of the box with the original direction as issued from the Department at Washington, the express company thus gaining their *case* by exhibiting the *cover* of the same. The Department lost the case of books, but the inhabitants of Cambridge, Me., have greatly added to their stock of *ornamental* literature.

Curious Food for an Invalid.

Cushing, the genial and efficient agent of Cheney & Co.'s Express, says he received an order from a Vermont agent to procure and forward immediately, for a *very sick* lady, the best and largest *lobster* to be procured in the Boston market. She could eat "nothing else"!

Adventure with a Boar.

Bores are a tormenting nuisance everywhere, but they are particularly annoying to the busy employers and clerks of express offices, where, at certain hours of the day, every moment is precious. The railroad train or the steamboat never waits for delinquent expressmen; consequently the express office proves an inhospitable retreat for loafers or bores, who find no willing listeners to their gossiping twaddle. The bore to which we now refer was a boar of another species — a member of the porcine family — shipped by some farmer in New York State by the American Express Company, and consigned to a party in the neighborhood of Boston. The day on which his boarship arrived in Boston had been fearfully hot, and the poor brute, after twenty hours' confinement in a close car, without food or water, had become frantic from the effects of his prolonged misery, so that when the strong box which confined him had been lifted upon the wagon to be transported to the office, his howls of rage could be heard all about the vicinity of the depot, attracting in a few moments a large crowd of curious individuals. The infuriated brute now made desperate attempts to break out of his box, to prevent which three stout drivers protested with their united strength. Their efforts were, however, unavailing, for the powerful animal by a frantic effort burst the strong slats of his prison-house, and jumped over the side of the wagon directly into the midst of the

crowd. Such a speedy adjournment of a mass meeting was never before witnessed in the goodly city of Boston. A "scrub race" for the nearest doorways instantly took place; not one "stood upon the order of his going," but went at once. A loud cry of, "Grizzly Bear! Grizzly Bear!" from one of the waggish expressmen added to the general terror, and very much to the speed of the flying fugitives, who momentarily expected a fraternal hug from the bristling monster. The boar, however, had other objects in view than the destruction of terrified men and boys. Water, and plenty of it, was uppermost in his thoughts, for, espying a large mud puddle, he "went for it," and was soon rolling over in the dirty fluid, a happier if not a cleaner hog. The expressmen now comprehending the situation, and understanding what should have occurred to them before, that the beast was only suffering from heat and thirst, quickly procured several buckets of water, and dashing them over him, soon reduced his fearful howls, so that he "roared as gently" as a "sucking dove," and submitted to be driven again into his box, to the great satisfaction of all parties concerned.

The Boy in the Box.

Mr. A. L. Stimson, a genial writer and first-rate fellow, once in the employ of the Adams Express Company, is the author of the following good story: —

"In an express office not *more* than three hundred miles from Boston, the watchman who slept in the

building was advised that sundry articles of an eatable nature had been abstracted from the cellar. It was supposed that some juvenile thief was in the custom of crawling through the bars in one of the cellar windows, though the space was so narrow that it seemed incredible that any but a very small child could get through it; still, with all his vigilance, the watchman found that the depredations were continued. To add to his aggravation, the express clerks and drivers insisted that he must be in the habit of sleeping with a "brick in his hat," and others insinuated that he never went to sleep *hungry*. One night, as he sat alone in the office, meditating somewhat impatiently upon these unjust suspicions, he thought he heard a footfall on the cellar stairs. Quicker than you can say "*Jack Robinson*," he reached the stairway! He had forgotten to take a light, and could see nothing, but heard footsteps retreat precipitately. It was not a heavy sound, and it must be, he thought, the suspected boy. Obtaining his lantern quickly, he descended the stairs *lickerty split*, and rushed to the window to prevent the young rascal's exit in that direction. There was a sound at the other end of the cellar, as if some rogue was seeking to screen himself behind some of the casks, barrels, boxes, and other freight *in transitu*. In a high state of virtuous indignation and nervous excitement, the watchman proceeded to get at him. In a few moments he discovered a corner of a garment sticking out of a long, narrow box, a few feet distant. Putting down his

lantern, he jerked away the loose cover, and discovered what he supposed by the dim light to be the *boy in the box!* Madder than sixty, he denunciated a curse upon his eyes, and pitched into him. Whack! whack! whack! one blow followed another; the exasperated watchman meanwhile doing up some of the tallest kind of profanity, mingled with such remarks as the following: —

"'You d— thief you! I'll learn you to slip in and steal our crackers! This ain't the first time, nor the second, nuther! I know yer, yer little whelp of Satan! I know yer features! I know yer mother, yer little Irish son of a slut! Bring an honest fellow into disgrace, will yer?' — the last reflection stinging him with the remembrance of the slurs which had been cast upon his fidelity, even by the greenest hand in the office, on the score of the abstracted crackers. The enraged watchman quit thumping the 'thief' in the stomach, and struck him on the head. His fist sunk into the skull under the force of the blow, and there was a crackling sound, like the breaking of a bone. At this the watchman's fury evaporated instantaneously, and his heart sank within him.

"'*Little boy!*' said he, in a tremulous, anxious voice. '*Little boy!*' There was no reply, and he turned pale as death as the truth flashed upon him that life was extinct. Almost ready to expire himself with the dreadful reflection that he was a murderer, he staggered backwards, — very weak in the knees, — and obtaining his lantern, went back, sick at heart, to take

a better view of his victim. Unfortunately, in his trepidation he tripped up over a bundle of Harper's Weekly, and in his fall his light was extinguished. Horribly discomfited, and groaning in spirit as he wiped the cold sweat from his brow, the poor man picked himself up, and groped his way up stairs, where the gas was burning. His first impulse was to run away; but being an honest, law-abiding citizen, he promptly decided to face the music. After many painful reflections, not to say conflicting emotions, he concluded to give himself up immediately to the authorities.

"Before executing this intention, he went to a desk, and taking from it a bottle of Schiedam Schnapps, applied it to his mouth, and turned the bottom up solemnly towards the ceiling, then replaced the cork, and sighed deeply as he put the bottle into the desk again. He then proceeded to the nearest police station. It was near two in the morning, but the captain was on hand.

"'What are you here for, Mr. Lodge, at this time o' night?' said he, with a yawn. 'What's broke?'

"'Ah, that's it!' replied our pale friend; 'it *is* broke. I have fractured the skull; there's no doubt of it; would that there was.'

"'What!' ejaculated the amazed officer; 'do you mean to say that —'

"'Yes, sir, that's it. I've gone and done a murder, and I've come to give myself up.' He then related how he had unintentionally, by an unfortunate blow,

deprived the robber of life. 'But come with me,' said he, in conclusion, 'and I will show you all.'

"The officer followed him, and entering the express office, they descended with a brace of lanterns to witness the bloody spectacle. Imagine their surprise, and the mingled joy and shame of our friend, on discovering the boy in the box to be only the wax figure of a saint, intended for a church or convent in Louisiana. Being a new importation, it had been opened by custom-house officers, and had not been nailed up again. The footfall was probably caused by a big rat.

"'Say nothing about this ridiculous affair, captain,' said the *sold*, when the other had done laughing, 'and I will stand a bottle of champagne and a pair of canvas-backs with you to-morrow at Parker's.'

"'Agreed,' replied the officer; and he kept the secret faithfully from all — *but his wife.*"

A Tragical Affair. — Vitality of an Expressman.

One of the most audacious robberies perpetrated under circumstances of fiendish brutality that ever occurred in this country, took place in Albany, N. Y., on the night of January 6, 1871. The frightful nature of the assault, the amount of property taken, and the startling boldness of the act, caused at the time a vast amount of excitement at Albany, where all the parties were extensively known. On that night Mr. T. A. Halpine, the trusty messenger of the American Union Express Company, left the office as usual, and stepped on board the express car for his nightly trip through to

Boston. In a few moments the train started, and Mr. Halpine was assaulted and robbed, whilst the train was moving over the bridge. The particulars of the affair are from the pen of Mr. Halpine, who kindly furnished them to the author of this volume. He is now the agent of the American Merchants Union Express Company, at North Adams, Mass., active, and in the enjoyment of sound health, after receiving injuries, on that fearful occasion, which would have instantly killed a person possessing less vitality and tenacity of life.

The robber and would-be murderer, who committed this daring act, was John Filkins, well known in Albany, and upon the Western Railroad as "Yank" Filkins. He was for a number of years in the employ of the American Express Company, and was considered a first-rate expressman — active, energetic, and reliable. He left the express business several years ago, and purchased an interest in a bakery, which establishment he carried on, but with indifferent success, at the period of this robbery. His character was reputed good, and he was a member in good standing of the Methodist church. He had previous to this occurrence experienced considerable pecuniary embarrassment, which, as afterwards found, was caused by gambling habits. That he possessed a disposition of fiendish cruelty, his cold-blooded and persistent attempts to murder a defenceless man fully proves. Can anything more horrible be imagined than the frightful coolness with which, as his helpless, speechless, but still conscious victim lay on the floor of the car with upturned, imploring face,

he placed the muzzle of his pistol against poor Halpine's ear, and fired another ball into his head.

He was discovered by his pistol, which was found the following day upon the ice of the river, on which he crossed after the robbery, although this clew was not unravelled for some weeks afterwards. His suddenly manifested zeal in volunteering to hunt up the robber, and his numerous suggestions voluntarily made to the officers as to the probable offender, aroused suspicions in the minds of the detectives, which were confirmed when they ascertained that he had purchased a pistol several days previous to this event, and his arrest and subsequent conviction rapidly followed. Sing-Sing now claims him for a life inhabitant.

We will now give Mr. Halpine's account of the affair: —

"On the evening of January 6, 1871, I went to the office and made my preparations for my usual trip. It was a clear, bright, moonlight night, and I was feeling unusually cheerful and happy, as this was the last trip in the week, and the next was my week off. My wife and myself had promised ourselves several little pleasure trips during the coming week, and as I left home that night, I said to her, "This is my last trip, you know;" — little dreaming what was in store for me.

"When I got into my car, I found the stove was smoking; so I opened both doors to let out the smoke, and they remained open for several minutes. Just as the train started from the depot, I heard a noise, and

looking up, discovered a man coming into my car He said 'Hallo! is that you?' At first I thought it was Woodward, the other messenger on the route, and I inquired, 'Where are you going, Woodward?' He replied, 'O, just across the river.' I had not taken a look at him until this reply, but the unfamiliar tone of his voice caused me to look up again, when I saw he was a stranger. Upon this I said, 'I do not know you. I never saw you before. What is your name?' 'Jones,' said he, 'and I have run a great many trips for this company.' Then he inquired, 'Where do you make your first stop?' I told him East Albany. He remarked, 'You put off freight first at Chatham?' 'No,' said I, 'at Pittsfield.'

"Thinking he was an old expressman, and a friend of Woodward's only going across the river, and without the remotest idea that anything was wrong about him, I turned my head and commenced looking over my way-bill, when bang! went a pistol, and down I went. In an instant I knew what 'Jones' was, but it was too late. I was down, and the blood spouting from my mouth. My thoughts flew rapidly, and I knew that in a few moments we should be in at the other depot, and I thought if I could get hold of him, I could hold on until we got there. I arose on my knees, and looking up saw he was standing right over me with his pistol pointed at my head. Instantly I saw the flash, heard the report, and down I went again. While lying on my back, he stooped over, and placing the muzzle of the pistol close to my ear, fired again.

That fixed me, and I was unconscious for a few minutes. When I came to, the train was standing still. By a tremendous effort, I got upon my feet, walked to the centre of the car, and seized the bell rope, thinking to ring the bell on the engine, and attract attention; but I had not sufficient strength, and fell to the floor. I, however, managed to crawl to the door, which 'Jones' had left open when he jumped out.

"I tried to hallo, but could not. Just then Mr. Crandall, the engineer, was getting upon his engine, and looking back saw my head come out of the door. He immediately came back to see what was the matter, and found me lying insensible. I knew that I had been shot three times in the head, and the last shot I thought had blown my head all to pieces; the remembrance of it is horrible. The first shot entered on the right side, about three inches below the ear, and middle of my neck. It passed through, and lodged under the left jaw-bone. The second shot entered my head just under my right eye, and has not been seen since. The third shot entered my right ear, and is still lodged somewhere in my head."

When Filkins was brought by the officers beside the supposed death-bed of Halpine, to receive his dying deposition as to the identity of the murderer, he assumed an air of brazen effrontery, and confronted the victim with a very confident manner; but when Halpine cast his eye upon the six men who were ranged before his bed, he instantly recognized him, and pointing, exclaimed, with emphasis, "That is the

man!" Filkins wilted at once, and was taken away by the officers in a very demoralized condition. The express company only recovered a portion of the money stolen on this occasion.

The "Old Hoss" Department.

Every extensive express company devotes a portion of its office to uncalled-for freight and packages. This is not the least interesting department of an express office, for here is found a miscellaneous collection of articles sufficient to stock an "old curiosity shop." Sometimes the character of this freight is very peculiar, to say the least. In one office a new employee, who slept in a room adjoining the "old hoss" freight room, made complaint the next day, that his sleep was disturbed by unpleasant dreams of defunct individuals, whose grinning skeletons seemed to hold ghostly vigils in the "old hoss" room, and that he heard noises resembling the rattling of dry bones, in the dull hours of night. This complaint attracted the attention of "Dan," one of the drivers, a daring, reckless sort of a fellow, smart in his business, but entertaining no serious prejudice to a "tod," or to an occasional "shindy;" so Dan proposed the next night, to the occupant of the lone room, an investigation of the mysterious noises. The offer was thankfully accepted, and the two, after partaking of a "little suthin' warmin'," retired to their apartment. After an hour spent in a social smoke, both "turned

in." The gas in one burner was always left slightly burning, so that it could instantly be turned on in case of late arrivals of messengers. On this occasion it burned dimly, but gave a glimmer of light sufficient to discover to the restless Dan, who was partially awakened by rattling noises in the "old hoss" room, a ghastly-looking countenance peering at him through a pane of the window. Somewhat startled, Dan jogged his friend, whispering, "Joe! see that cuss lookin' at us through the winder!" Joe sleepily turned over, exclaiming, "Why, Dan, that's the very feller that was round here last night, makin' those cussed noises." "Let's go for him," says Dan. "All right," says Joe; and turning on the gas, they made a rush for the window, and discovered — that the "skeleton cuss" was only an old oil portrait of an antiquated, sickly-looking gentleman from the "dead" freight, which Joe's predecessor had stuck into the window to fill the place of a broken pane. An hour or so later, Dan and Joe found the rattling noise to proceed from a long, narrow box in the "old hoss" room, from which, as they approached, ran two large rats. Getting a hammer, they removed the cover, and were considerably astonished to discover a human skeleton! On looking at the cover, — for Dan remembered seeing the box before, — it was found directed to Dr. ——, Salem Street. Dan recollected that it was carried there, but returned to the office on account of the doctor's removal to some locality unknown to

the occupant of that number. Joe says he always *knew* that the noises were never produced by a live man.

In the same office the clerks and employees were considerably puzzled to account for a smell, which increased in intensity for two successive days, resembling a combustion of something of an oily nature. The vicinity of the stoves was thoroughly examined above and below stairs, but nothing appeared to account for the burning odor. At length one of the boys, who possessed an uncommonly keen olfactory organ, announced a discovery in the "old hoss" department. A large case of goods, directed to a wholesale clothing house which had recently suspended business, was lying there awaiting orders from the shippers. Upon examination, it was found that smoke issued from the cracks in the cover, and the box was so hot that it could scarcely be touched. It was hastily opened, and found to contain oiled clothing in a state of spontaneous combustion, only requiring the aid of air to burst out in flames. Of course, in a short time the cover or sides would have burned through, and caused a serious fire among the combustible surroundings, especially if occurring at night.

"Old Hoss" Auction Sale.

One of the most stirring occasions in the routine of express duties is the occasional sale by auction of the "old hoss" collection of freight, which accumulates to a formidable catalogue in the office of a large express company after a few seasons. Every method is

employed by the company to notify owners before resorting to a sale, yet, notwithstanding most persistent efforts, the packages will accumulate. The assortment of articles which make up the "old hoss" list is one of infinite variety — from a box of pills to a mowing machine. The sale of these articles in the hands of a witty auctioneer (the late lamented D. F. McGilvray, Esq., for example) is equal to a farce at the Museum. They are sold for what they will bring, without any reference to value, — that being a matter of conjecture on the part of the buyer, as no package can be opened or examined. It is buying a "pig in the poke." It is a curious study to watch the countenances of bidders and spectators: some are *for-bidding*, some *fore-boding*, and others expectant. One purchaser bids high on a small, neat box, supposed to contain jewelry. It is knocked off to him, "Cash, five dollars." He pulls out his wallet, hands his V to the cashier, and impatient to see his prize, he opens it amid the curious crowd, and discovers — a set of false teeth!

Another box, originally directed to a manufacturer of musical instruments, but which he refused to receive and pay charges for, was marked, "Wind Instruments; with care." This was opened and found to contain — *white beans!* The *fortunate* purchaser of this "old hoss" relic received the hearty congratulations of the jolly auctioneer on his good luck. Sometimes a purchaser would receive as a reward for his faith an excellent bargain, but as a general rule, no

sudden acquisition of wealth resulted to purchasers who invested in "old hoss" packages.

Rather Mixed!

Major Jones, Superintendent of the Boston, Lowell, and Nashua Express Company, tells a good story, which happened up in Nashua, which illustrates two things, viz.: the importance of expressmen taking receipts for goods and packages delivered, and the easy facility with which blunders on the part of traders are shouldered off upon expressmen:—

"Last spring, when Barnum's great show visited Nashua, a hat dealer of that place, thinking to take advantage of the influx of visitors to see the exhibition, ordered by express from a Boston house a case of soft hats, anticipating quick sales. With the promptness which characterizes this company, the case of hats were the same night landed at the Nashua store, and receipted for on the driver's book. Something like a month after this transaction, Major Jones was somewhat surprised to receive a note from the hat dealer, requesting him to call and settle for a missing case of hats sent from Boston by his express company. The major promptly responded, taking with him the driver's receipted book, and exhibited to the astonished dealer his own signature for the goods. There was his name, sure!—but where were the goods? He had sold no entire case of goods; if he had sold the hats, the case should be there. The discussion attracted the notice of a gentleman present,

who remarked that, one evening, a month or so previously, he had seen a hat case sold for twenty-five cents to a neighboring dealer; might it not be possible that this was the missing box? This suggestion was scouted by the dealer as not only improbable, but highly ridiculous. Not so did it strike Major Jones, whose practical education in the express business had taught him that many queer mistakes constantly occur; so, making his way over to the purchaser of the box, he questioned him about his purchase. He admitted buying it, and stated that it was down in his cellar, awaiting an occasion to make use of it. 'Let us take a look at it,' said the major; and getting permission, he stepped down and soon found it. Finding it nailed up, he procured mallet and chisel, and on removing the cover, disclosed to the astonished purchaser the case filled with hats, just as shipped from the Boston house. It is almost needless to add that a supper was partaken of at the expense of the hat dealer."

Robbery prevented by a Dog.

Some twenty-five or six years ago a bold and extensive robbery took place in Boston. The watch and jewelry establishment of Currier & Trott, on Washington Street, was entered in the night time and completely cleaned out. The magnitude of the transaction and the boldness of the robbers created quite an excitement, for people were not then accustomed to the wholesale stealing which characterizes

the present period. The robbery, as was afterwards ascertained, was committed by two skillful and notorious English burglars, who were arrested and tried for their crime. Some weeks previous to the Currier & Trott burglary an attempt was made on the office of Thompson & Co.'s Western Express, at Springfield, in the night time, by the same bold villains. The office that night was in the charge of Homer Ashley — who was then, and is now, in the employ of Mr. J. M. Thompson — and another clerk.

As the vault of the office usually contained over night large sums of money which were received from the late expresses, and several large robberies having recently occurred in neighboring towns, it was thought expedient to procure the toughest and best fighting dog that could be found, as an additional safeguard. After some outlay of time and money, the desired animal was found, and his fighting qualities proved so good that he was christened "Yankee Sullivan," after a noted pugilist of that period.

One night, about midnight, Mr. Ashley and his companion having "turned in," a wrenching noise was heard at the front door, which was shortly after burst open, and two ruffians made their appearance. Comprehending the situation, Ashley unchained "Yankee," and bade him "go for them." "Yankee" went, and a terrific battle immediately ensued, not between the dog and the burglars, but between "Yankee" and a powerful dog which accompanied them.

Leaving the dogs to "fight it out on that line," the

burglars advanced upon the two employees, who, having no weapons to fight against such odds, jumped out of a window, shouting for help. The robbers quickly followed them, one aiming a blow at Ashley with a billy. The darkness preventing a good sight at Ashley, he managed to dodge this and one or two other blows, but felt that his time was almost up, and started for a run, when several persons appeared on the scene, attracted by the screams and noise of the fighting dogs, and the two burglars disappeared in the darkness. Upon striking a light, it was found that "Yankee Sullivan" had so "chawed up" the burglar dog that he was unable to "come to time," and a few moments sufficed for him to "pass in his checks." When the burglars were afterwards apprehended, they stated that they would have had a sure thing but for "Yankee." The dog which he defeated cost them five hundred dollars.

HINTS TO PERSONS DOING BUSINESS WITH EXPRESSMEN.

1. Before you visit an express office with a package or collection, ascertain, if possible, if you are visiting the right office. "Uncle Samuel's" territory is *very* extensive; expresses are numerous, and they naturally and of necessity run in different directions. Please bear this in mind.

2. Do not infer, because an express clerk patiently listens to a long-winded complaint or a tedious series of interrogations, that his time is of little value. Re-

member that the railroad train or the steamboat never waits for delayed way-bills or belated passengers.

3. Never vent your indignation upon the expressman because he fails to collect a demand, and charges you a reasonable fee for his trouble, especially when such collection has defied all your previous efforts to effect a settlement, and is only given to the expressman as a *dernier resort.*

4. In sending a bill C. O. D., always send the goods with the bill, otherwise the cabalistic letters C. O. D. on a package are more ornamental than useful. Never send fresh fish, lobsters, or ice cream C. O. D. unless you are prepared to receive and pay charges on the unpleasant remains in case they are returned for non-payment of bill.

5. Don't pack a demijohn in a trunk of *dry* goods samples, and call on the expressman to *liquidate* the bill for damages in case of breakage. This hint is especially intended for "commercial travellers."

6. Be careful in directing packages; a package for Springfield, Mass., directed Springfield, Ill., involves a pretty big bill of express charges.

7. Keep an "Express List" always posted in your counting and delivery rooms.

C. O. D.

These cabalistic letters, when years ago they were first noticed upon sundry boxes, bales, and packages in various express offices, excited much speculation

among the uninitiated, and many were the opinions expressed as to the meaning of the mysterious characters. An "old expressman" well remembers an amusing explanation given by a countryman to two of his friends as they stood surveying a suspicious-looking barrel standing on the sidewalk in Court Square one morning. Quite a discussion arose, which was finally settled by one "Bunsby" looking individual, who, with an air of oracular wisdom, remarked, "That bar'l contains fish; ef you don't believe it, just walk up and take a smell — codfish." His companions walked away perfectly satisfied with this solution of a great mystery. This plan of shortening the sentence "collect on delivery" originated in the New York office of the Adams Express Company, and has saved a small ocean of ink besides an incalculable amount of time.

The express companies hold on tight to the parcels until the individual forks over the amount of the charges; and often parcels are sent to people without their previous knowledge, perplexing them not a little, and making them think a long while before paying. Whether it is a hoax or not they can't tell; and it used sometimes to be the case that the express companies found parcels on their hands which really amounted to nothing at all, and were sent to the parties to whom they were addressed as a "goak" — which said parties could not see in the light of paying

the charges, and which could not be returned because the sender had vanished.

Nowadays the express companies are more cautious, and will not receive parcels of any value or importance except from parties to whom they can look for the pay. Sometimes the innocent parties of a practical joke would be fairly taken in, and, thinking the parcel must be from Uncle Joe or Cousin Tom, and intended as a surprise, would eagerly pay for it, and impatiently open it before a curious crowd. If it turned out to be a couple of bricks rolled up in a mass of shavings, or a log of wood neatly done up with old newspapers, the "larf" would be on him, and the chances were that he would never get over it to his dying day.

Of course a great time for the express companies is in the neighborhood of Christmas. There is then no end to the turkeys, chickens, and often other game and fowl, which are sent by generous country cousins to "the folks" in town; while every variety of presents, from piano-fortes and silver table services to sawdust dolls, packages of candy, and bundles of fire crackers, are crowded together, with strict method and care, in the heaped-up vans occupied by the companies on the railway trains. It need not be said that the greatest pains are taken by the companies to carry the packages, and especially those of a character liable to be broken or spoiled by rough handling, in

the most careful manner; and especial care has to be taken at Christmas time, when so many fancy and purely ornamental articles are transported. It is seldom, therefore, that the delighted and anxious expectants of the Christmas gifts are disappointed by the arrival of a broken present.

The collecting on delivery of goods forms a very important and profitable portion of the business of the large express companies, as two express charges are realized — the charge for freight to the buyer and charge for return of money to the seller. Goods can be sent in this way to parties of dubious credit, involving no risk to the sender, as the express assumes all liability. A huge negro arrived one day at one of our prominent express offices, delivered by a New York express. Suspended from his neck was a large card marked "C. O. D., $16.25 for board bill," and the further written instructions, "Water and grub the darky." The grinning Ethiopian seemed to enjoy the attention this novel placard attracted.

The most profitable portion of the express business is the money package and collecting department. Small packages, of which a great number can be packed in trunks, pay well; but large freight is comparatively unprofitable, the high charges of the railroads, the larger force required to handle it, and the wear and tear of wagons combining to seriously diminish the profits. The exorbitant terms now exacted by the leading railroads almost amount to prohibition of express

companies, and there is a rapidly growing tendency on the part of these corporations to run off the expresses and assume that department of business. Several roads have already commenced, and the "beginning of the end" has begun, which will in the course of a few years end the occupation of many an old expressman.

CHAPTER V.

The Baggage Express.

One of the most useful express institutions is the baggage express. What countless hosts of travellers, tired and worn out with the fatigues of travel, "rise up and bless" the baggage expressman, as he graciously relieves them of the perplexing care of their numerous trunks, valises, and hat-boxes! Everything, from a carpet satchel to a Saratoga trunk, is taken in charge by the enterprising agent, and promptly delivered at a reasonable charge in any portion of the city or its suburbs. This great convenience is extensively appreciated and patronized by the travelling public.

The credit of organizing this useful institution is due to Warren Studley, for many years a messenger between Boston and New York for Kinsley & Co.'s Express. He had the sagacity to foresee the usefulness of this branch of the express business, and the energy to put it into operation. He commenced by delivering baggage from the New Haven trains, but soon extended the business to the other roads and to the various steamboat routes with extraordinary success. His example has been extensively copied through-

out the country, and the baggage expressman is everywhere seen.

New York and Boston Express.

Among the expresses of recent date, no company has been formed on such a scale of liberality in equipments as the one started by James Fisk, Jr., and called the New York and Boston Express. This express commenced with the running of the Narraganset Steamship Company's boats between New York and Fall River, about three years since. The feasibility of this route for a first-class express was very apparent to Mr. Fisk, and he lost no time after the line passed into his hands in carrying out his plans. The enterprise has proved a great success, and under the able management of Mr. G. A. Fuller, has given entire satisfaction to the merchants and bankers, who are its principal patrons, in New York, Boston, and elsewhere.

The death of James Fisk, Jr., its principal proprietor, while this work was in preparation for the press, gives a fitting opportunity to say a few words respecting this remarkable man. His history as a peddler, salesman, merchant, broker, and railway manager is familiar to everybody. His faults were better known than his merits, for Fisk was no hypocrite, and did openly what thousands of men standing high in the world's esteem do privately, the world being no wiser for their departures from the code of morality. He was not insensible to ridicule, but he was certainly

insensible to fear, and possessed a courage, energy, and persistence of purpose truly wonderful. He was born to command, and possessed the rare faculty of inspiring others to almost impossible achievements. His capacious brain grappled with projects of overwhelming dimensions, and mastered them without apparent effort. Operations involving immense outlays, which an ordinary manager would require days and weeks to digest, were decided and acted upon with such rapidity that they excited distrust, and seemed to border upon recklessness; yet results showed them to be the shrewd combinations of a mathematical brain, marvellously conceived and marvellously executed.

An amusing instance of his promptness and audacity was once witnessed by the writer. One of the large steamers of the Narraganset Company was just leaving her dock in New York. The gangway planks had been hauled in, and Fisk stood on the dock waving an adieu to some friends on board, when an individual, valise in hand, rushed down to the landing, exclaiming, "I must go! I must go!" "Go you will," said Fisk, grasping him under the arms, and giving him a toss towards the moving boat. "Look out for him, boys," shouted Fisk, as the astonished traveller alighted safely on board, followed by his valise. This audacious transaction occupied but a moment, yet it was characteristic of the cool operator, who, during the affair, had not ceased to smoke his

cigar, nor did a smile disturb the self-complacency of his countenance.

As an evidence of his kindliness of heart and consideration for the welfare of those in his employ, who numbered a legion, it is sufficient to say that they all realize that they have lost their best friend. Could the disposition of the cowardly assassin Stokes be left in their hands, there would be no occasion for the legal farce of a protracted and expensive trial.

New Expresses made from Old Material.

A very extensive express company is that formed from the old material of several old established Lowell and Nashua expresses, and now called the Boston, Lowell, and Nashua Express Company. This large company is under the proprietorship of the Lowell and Nashua Railroad, and is superintended by Major Peter W. Jones, a railroad and express manager of large experience and great executive ability. Mr. Jones has had the benefit of a thorough railroad education, having at an early age entered the service of the Nashua Road, and filled a great variety of positions, from shovelling out a gravel bank and laying rails to management of railroad affairs. The efficient Boston agent of this company is Mr. Thomas Shepard, a very capable and faithful man, of twenty years' experience in the express business.

Another extensive company is Earle & Prew's Providence Express Company, which succeeds the

old Earle Express, which was started by B. D. and L. B. Earle, in 1840. Mr. Earle, of Earle & Prew, is a son of L. B. Earle, and inherits his father's tact and ability. Mr. Prew was formerly a messenger in the Providence Express, but commenced running on his "own hook" several years since, and succeeded, by his indomitable energy, in building up an extensive business. Since he joined Mr. Earle this business has largely increased. In connection with their Boston and Providence Express, Colonel S. H. Leonard runs the Providence and Worcester Express. Colonel Leonard commenced running, with his father, on the Boston and Worcester Express, in 1841, and is considered one of the ablest expressmen in the business.

The Kinsley Express Company succeed to the business of the once famous R. B. Kinsley, one of the oldest and largest stage, steamboat, and express proprietors in the country. The proprietors are now Harvey D. Mack, Frank D. Blake, and A. H. Palmer, formerly clerks and messengers for R. B. Kinsley. Their express runs to Fall River, Newport, and other towns in the vicinity of these places. They are all smart, energetic men, and are bound to flourish.

The Old Colony Express Company, under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Crummett, succeeds several expresses running to various towns on the Dighton branch of the Old Colony Railroad. The business of this company is quite extensive and well managed.

Express Teams.

That the express business "pays," the magnificent horses and elegantly painted wagons of the principal express companies fully attest. In the humble days of Alvin Adams, when one wagon, driven by E. H. Brainard, served to do the business of Adams, Leonard, & Co., leaving plenty of spare time to the driver to turn an honest penny by engaging in other work, it probably never entered their heads that thousand dollar horses would at some future day draw express freight through the streets of Boston. Mr. Adams always loved a good horse, and has an appreciative eye for the good points of that noble animal. When he began to prosper in worldly circumstances, he indulged in the luxury of good horses, and set the example of always having the best in the market. Other well-to-do express proprietors, not wishing to be thrown so entirely into the shade, gradually followed suit. Wagons had to be built to correspond, and for years there has been great rivalry between the celebrated builders of Concord, N. H., and their rivals in other places, to produce the handsomest and strongest wagons.

Some of the teams belonging to the large express companies cost money enough to purchase a comfortable farm, and the care of such valuable property is no small item in the yearly expenses. Indeed, we are very sure that the sickness of a horse is consid-

ered by some proprietors as of vastly more consequence than the illness of a hard-working employee, with, perchance, a family depending for their daily bread upon his exertions. A dead horse is a dead loss, but a dead clerk can be easily replaced.

A Railroad Tunnel.

It may not be inappropriate in this *melange* of express and railroad matters, to insert a graphic sketch with the above title, written by A. L. Stimson, Esq., an Ex-expressman. The scene is the long tunnel on the Hudson River Railroad, at the Highlands. It always casts upon the traveller a feeling of awe, not unmingled with terror, as the "lightning express train" thunders along this arch through the mountain.

"Stop a few minutes, and let us look at yonder mountain. Its majestic crown rises nearly to the clouds, and its sides are covered with the evergreen, hemlock and pine, the laural and the spruce. How often has the painter tried to convey to his canvas its beauties, and how often has he failed! See you that small, dark spot near its base? It is the mouth of a tunnel, which has been by human energy bored through the solid rock for a long distance. Suddenly, as if from the boundless depths of the earth, is heard a roaring and shrieking, as though all the thunders of the universe were combined in that one spot; and the ground vibrates for miles around, as if shaken by an earthquake. In wonder and amazement, you believe

that the volcanic fires, bound in the deep bowels of the earth, are about to burst forth in all their violence and terror. But ere the mind has time to recover from this impression, you see issuing from that small, dark spot upon the mountain-side two large, bright, glaring eyes, followed by a coal-black iron steed, propelled by fiery steam, and rushing forward with an impetuosity equal to the wind, it passes beside you, and before you are aware of it, naught is seen save a long thin stream of light vapor, shaking and curling in the distance, like the tail of an enormous serpent emerging from the bowels of the mountain, to scourge and ravage the earth.

"The track of the railroad is laid through that tunnel, and the engine, with its train of cars loaded with a living freight, has just passed you."

A most remarkable Express Robbery.

One of the largest and most singular express robberies that has ever occurred took place at an early period in the history of expressing. We are indebted for particulars to a volume of railroad and express reminiscences, published by Mr. A. L. Stimson, some fourteen years since. This was the robbery of Pullen & Copp's Western Express, of a trunk belonging to Pomeroy & Co.'s Express, which had been placed in the care of Pullen & Copp, for transportation from Albany to New York. This was in the year 1843, before the building of the Hudson River Railroad,

when the journey was made between the two cities in the fall and winter seasons by stage and steamboat, as the ice permitted. The messenger, on this occasion, travelled by stage to within sixty miles or so of New York, then took the steamboat for the balance of the passage. He was excessively tired and worn out by his tedious stage travel, but still kept a "watchful eye" on the trunk, which he knew was valuable, but he had not the remotest idea of the immense value of the property it contained. Notwithstanding his inclination to snatch a few moments for sleep, he arrived safe with his charge at the dock in New York. On arrival he was disappointed in not finding the company's express wagon waiting for him, as usual, and hastily concluded to go for it, after requesting the clerk to keep an eye on his trunk. Had he surmised its enormous value no inducement would have tempted him to leave it for a moment. What was his horror and consternation on his return to discover that the trunk had disappeared! No one could give the distracted messenger any information concerning it. He at once notified Pomeroy & Co. of its loss — appalling intelligence to them, as the trunk contained *bank notes* to the amount of *several hundred thousand dollars!* A large portion of the money belonged to the Union Bank, and some sixty thousand dollars to the banking firm of Drew, Robinson & Co. With the exception of a single five hundred dollar note, no description of the money had been retained by the bankers who sent it.

Suspicion temporarily rested upon the unfortunate messenger, and on two gentlemen, one belonging to Syracuse, and the other to New York, both men of property and good standing, in consequence of the reported story of the boat hands that they had been seen talking together several hours previous to the boat's arrival in New York. On the strength of this gossip the three men were arrested on suspicion of the robbery. After the most searching investigation, nothing appearing to criminate them, they were released, and for several weeks no traces of the robbers were found. About one month after the loss, a teller in one of the city banks discovered among the bills deposited by a respectable German house, a five hundred dollar note, corresponding to the description of the missing one in Drew, Robinson & Co.'s sixty thousand dollar package. Messrs. Pullen & Copp and Pomeroy & Co. were immediately notified, and they at once "interviewed" the German house. The depositors stated that the note was received from a German merchant, named Lachner, from Milwaukee. Lachner was soon spotted and arrested by a police officer, who found him in company with a modest and pretty young woman, whom he had married since the robbery.

Lachner confessed that, suspecting the value of the trunk from the vigilant care taken of it by the express messenger, he had, during the brief absence of that individual, hastily covered it with a buffalo robe, and

conveyed it to his room in Delancy Street. Nearly all the money was recovered, and Lachner was committed to the "Tombs," where he hung himself the night of his committal. His youthful and unhappy bride, so soon a widow, was an object of commiseration. She soon left New York, a broken-hearted woman, for Milwaukee.

During the past twenty years quite a number of express robberies, some of them of considerable magnitude, have occurred, but in a very few instances have expressmen or their employees been implicated. Considering the great temptations continually placed before them, it is a matter of especial congratulation to the fraternity that they are so uniformly honest. Nearly all the extensive express robberies which have occurred, have been planned and perpetrated by professional thieves and burglars.

Successful Expressmen.

Not all the toilers in the field of express enterprise have succeeded in realizing the "stamps" to any great extent. Some of the hardest workers have, after years of wearisome toil, emerged from the "little end of the horn," whilst others, with comparatively little effort, have now, and always have had, a "soft thing" of it. The same fact is true in all branches of active business; it is also true that a live expressman encounters, for a small pecuniary reward, risks to life and limb that few men are willing to

encounter. The courageous and untiring express messenger nightly hazards his life upon floating tinder boxes, yclept steamboats, or takes his chances on the night express train, over rotten bridges, and upon the edges of yawning chasms, with a hardy indifference, characteristic of the tried and genuine expressman. But he seldom gets rich.

Some of the Old Expresses.

One of the oldest expressmen, not in years, but in service, is Colonel S. H. Leonard. He commenced, with his father, running between Boston and Worcester, previous to 1840, or shortly after the advent of Harnden. Colonel Leonard is a man of rare executive ability, and has proved himself capable of running a first-class express, or of training and disciplining a military organization. His record during the late war, as colonel of a Massachusetts regiment, sheds lustre upon his military history. As an expressman he has no superior.

Davenport & Mason's Taunton Express is one of the oldest expresses run by the same partners in Boston. Mr. Mason, who was formerly a messenger for Mr. Davenport's father, run between Taunton and Boston as long ago as 1836. Mr. C. F. Davenport, his present partner, and son of his old employer, has followed the vocation of expressman nearly thirty years. They have acquired deserved wealth and prosperity.

Colonel A. D. Hatch, of the New Bedford Express, is an "old settler" in the business, commencing as far back as 1840, and is still "tramp, tramp, tramping." If the restless colonel ever does "give up the ghost," his soul will be "marching on" to all eternity over an imaginary railroad track. Notwithstanding the years that have passed over his head, the gallant colonel still retains his modest and youthful appearance.

Chris. C. Jackson, of the Portsmouth Express, now Jackson & Ackerman, is one of the old liners. He was formerly a stage driver, and commenced the express about twenty-five years ago. Mr. Jackson is a sterling man, and faithful, honest expressman.

Mr. James N. Winslow, now of the Eastern Express Company, commenced running between Boston and Portland in 1839, and for many years ran an express on the Portland boats. He joined Mr. J. R. Hall in running over the railroad route in 1852. He is a successful man.

Among the employees of the various companies are many men who have largely contributed to the success of their employers by faithful service and untiring vigilance, but who have failed to reap the fruits of their arduous toil. The success of an express company, although depending, in a measure, upon the moneyed capital employed, is, to a great extent, due to the faithfulness, industry, and integrity of clerks, managers, and drivers, who are the individuals to come into contact with the customers, who generally care

but little about the employer, provided he is responsible pecuniarily. Some old proprietors, who assume airs of profound dignity, scarcely treating with ordinary courtesy their employees, would make a sorry show if left to "work out their own salvation." Considering the weighty responsibility which devolves upon the express manager, the onerous round of duty which characterizes the daily duties of the express clerk, and the activity and promptness expected of the express driver, it is a fact not creditable to the rich proprietors who give their men smaller pay in proportion to the value of their services than any other class of business men.

Some of the employees of our leading expresses have filled positions of arduous responsibility for many years. We give a few names of such individuals: —

Adams Express Company.

Waldo Adams, superintendent, has been brought up from a boy in his father's office. He has had a large experience, and is noted for his promptness and energy. Daniel Lovering, Jr., has for many years occupied the position of inside manager, to the acceptance of his employers, and to the satisfaction of their hosts of customers. Daniel has a large amount of that valuable quality, "snap," in his composition. H. W. Dow, the cashier, is a man of rare qualifications for his position. Quiet and unassuming in deportment, but thorough and correct in the performance of

his duties, he is appreciated by his employers, likewise by all who come into business contact with him. A. B. Atherton has for the past twenty-five years, more or less, filled a position of great importance to the Adams Express Company. He is rarely seen in the office, and is hardly known by the public generally. His duties are, and always have been, to attend to the horses and teams — buying new stock and taking care of the old.

We mean no disrespect to Mr. Atherton when we say that he is "all horse." He has been brought up among horses, and "knows them like a book." His judgment in regard to the value of horses, and his practical knowledge of their proper treatment, has been immensely valuable to an establishment of the magnitude of the Adams Express Company. Mr. Atherton is highly esteemed by his numerous friends, and is a gentleman of genial and attractive presence.

Cheney & Company

have many employees of "long standing." Messrs. George F. Geer, A. S. Hawley, S. T. A. Cushing, C. A. Evans, T. H. Tenney, have largely contributed, by their integrity and industry, to the great success of this wealthy and influential establishment. Mr. Cheney, unlike many express proprietors, appreciates deserving men, pays them liberally, and never parts with a good man. His example in this respect is worthy of imitation.

The American Express Company

has some "old stagers." Homer Ashley, managing clerk, has been in the employ of this and its preceding express companies for nearly twenty-five years. It is not saying too much to assert that the careful and judicious management of Mr. Ashley has contributed more to the success of his employers than the efforts of any other individual ever connected with them in any capacity. Joseph King, now cashier of the A. M. Express Company, is an accomplished express clerk, and has had many years of experience.

Harnden and Company.

The express business carried on under this name, at 98 Washington Street, employs a number of experienced and accomplished men. Freeman Cobb, the superintendent, is a man of executive ability, large experience, and attractive manners. C. F. Russell, the cashier, to use a Westernism, "knows his biz," and he does it. Eben Cain, a driver, dating back to the old times of W. F. Harnden, is a "character" — he is essentially a "driving man." One of Eben's best exploits in making quick time was on the occasion of Daniel Webster's death at Marshfield. Eben was employed by the Boston friends of the lamented statesman to run back and forth a special express, detailing his daily condition, &c. Eben secured a relay of picked horses, stationed at various intervals along the route, and mounting each in turn, made most extraor-

dinary time between Marshfield and Boston. Eben was the first man to report in Boston the memorable exclamation of the dying giant — "I still live!"

The Eastern Express Company

retain the services of many valuable men. Horace Shaw, the oldest (in point of service) of their employees, has been in the service of this company for the past twenty years. Colonel Henderson, formerly messenger on the "Wolf line," has had a long and varied experience in the business; his eyes are still undimmed, and his natural force not abated. James F. Slater has been a faithful messenger for twenty years and upwards, and Moses B. Winslow, James and George Tarbox, have "seen service" for the past eighteen years. Messrs. Rice, Libbey, and Rea are valued clerks of this company.

At other Express Offices

the management of business is intrusted to men worthy of their vocation. At 35 Court Square, Mr. H. A. Cook, son of an old time expressman, has the agency of numerous expresses running to all points. Mr. Cook was formerly in the employ of Thompson & Co., and has had an experience of nearly twenty years in the business. Harvey D. Mack, successor of Kinsley & Co., is in the same office. Thomas Shepard, an old and accomplished expressman, is at 33 Court Square, and is the efficient agent of the Lowell and Nashua Railroad Express, Russell & Co.'s

Haverhill Express, Niles's Dover Express, &c. Wallace W. Russell is an old expressman, having served many years with the Eastern Express Company. William Gibbs, Jr., and Horatio Pollard, of 10 Court Square, have been long in the business, Mr. Pollard having commenced with Earle & Co.'s Providence Express more than twenty years ago. R. R. Smith, agent of the large express agency, corner of Liberty Square and Kilby Street, is a very efficient man and a popular manager.

There are many other expresses not mentioned in this brief history, but they are of comparatively recent origin, and their history is not familiar to "An Old Expressman," who has aimed at giving sketches only of the old institutions. Hoping his somewhat desultory reminiscence may interest those who would know something of a comparatively new but vastly progressive business interest, the writer respectfully submits "WAIFS FROM THE WAY-BILLS OF AN OLD EXPRESSMAN."

APPENDIX.

In order to give some adequate idea of the progress and present magnitude of the express business in Boston alone, we give, in the succeeding pages, an accurate list of the various Expresses running out of Boston, with their offices for business, and names of managers. This record of live business men, who fill an indispensable department of business life, may be useful for reference, if not very entertaining as reading matter.

GENERAL EXPRESS AGENCY, NOS. 8 AND 10 COURT SQUARE.

William Gibbs, Manager.

Proprietors.	Name of Express.
Earle & Prew, ...	Providence.
Abbott, ...	North Andover.
Bagley, ...	Great Falls.
Benjamin & Vaughn, . .	Malden.
Blackemore, ...	West Roxbury.
Brewer & Co., ...	Charlestown.
Collins & Chase, . . .	Brookline.
Cooper, ...	Lawrence.

Proprietors.	Name of Express.
Davis,	Brighton.
Emerson,	Watertown.
Fayerweather,	Westboro'.
Fowler,	Plymouth.
Goodwin & Co.,	Salmon Falls, N. H.
Harris,	Newton Upper Falls.
Johnson & Co.,	Andover.
Johnson,	East Cambridge.
Kennerson,	Hingham.
Lang,	Reading.
Little,	West Amesbury.
Mitchell,	Bridgewater.
Morse,	Sudbury.
New York and Boston.	
Paulding,	New Bedford.
Perkins,	Exeter.
Potter,	Salem.
Sargent & Co.,	Lowell.
Sawin,	Cambridge.
Smith,	Roxbury.
Tainter,	Newton.
Trafton & Co.,	Portsmouth.
Walker & Watson,	Jamaica Plains.
Wells,	Amesbury.
White,	South Boston.
B. F. Stone,	Chelsea.
Hill & Co.,	Manchester, N. H.
Atlas Parcel Express,	(Foreign.)
Beal,	Cohasset.

Proprietors.	Name of Express.
Brown & Bradbury, . .	Aristook, Me.
Byam	Canton.
Buck & Co., ...	Stoneham and Woburn.
Coolidge & Holbrook, .	East Boston.
Coverly, ...	East Somerville.
J. M. Ellis & Co., . . .	Melrose.
Fisher, ...	Dedham.
Gibbs & Co., ...	Waltham.
Gove, ...	Randolph.
Hart & Co., ...	Woburn.
Jenkins, ...	Lynn.
Johnson, ...	Nahant.
Josslyn, ...	North Bridgewater.
Lathrop, ...	Auburndale.
Linnell & Co., ...	Wakefield.
Moody, ...	Dorchester.
Murray, ...	New Market, N. H.
Noyes & Wilcomb, . .	Ipswich.
Pierce Bros., ...	Everett.
Peters, ...	Bolton.
Putnam, ...	Danvers.
Sampson, ...	E. and W. Bridgewater.
Shaw & Co., ...	Newburyport.
Swift, ...	Middletown.
Tilden & Co., ...	Milford.
E. Tilden, ...	Marshfield.
Webber, ...	Concord, Mass.
Wheeler & Co., . . .	Marlboro'.
Winn, ...	Winchester.

General Express Agency, No. 32 Court Square.

H. L. Jackson, Manager.

Proprietors.	Name of Express.
Brooks & Davis, . . .	New Ipswich, N. H.
Coggswell & Co., . . .	Lawrence.
Gillett & Co., ...	Newburyport.
Jackson & Co., ...	Portsmouth.
Marshall & Moulton, . .	Beverly.
J. M. Marshall, ...	Essex.
Page, ...	Gloucester.
Savory & Co., ...	Salem.
Townsend, ...	South Danvers.
Vinal, ...	South Boston.
Canney & Co., ...	Dover, N. H.
Decatur, ...	Boston Highlands.
Hayes, ...	Cambridge.
Locke, ...	Charlestown.
Manson	Amesbury.
Parsons & Fears, . . .	Rockport.
Smith, ...	Manchester, Mass.

General Express Agency, No. 33 Court Square.

Thomas Shepard, Manager.

Proprietors.	Name of Express.
Boston, Lowell & Nashua,	& Lowell R. R. Express.
Andrews, ...	City.
Jenness, ...	Roxbury.
Niles & Co., ...	Dover, N. H.

Proprietors.	Name of Express.
Odlin & Co.,	Exeter, N. H.
Russell & Co.,	Haverhill.
S. P. Trott,	City.

GENERAL EXPRESS AGENCY, 34 AND 35 COURT SQUARE.

H. A. Cook, Manager.

Proprietors.	Name of Express.
Allen & Co.,	Easton.
Blake,	Newton Centre.
Brooks & Co.,	Saxonville.
Cape Cod Railroad Express.	
Crowell,	Manchester, Mass.
J. H. Eaton,	Wakefield.
Harwood,	E. and W. Bridgewater.
Hobbs & Pratt,	Chelsea.
Kinsley & Co.,	Fall River, &c.
Maglathin,	Lynn.
Osgood & Co.,	Worcester.
Pratt & Hartshorn,	Neponset.
Stocker,	East Saugus.
Weeks,	Waltham.
Williams & Co.,	Foxboro'.
G. H. Barker,	Letter Express.
Bowditch,	Quincy.
Burke,	East Somerville.
Crummitt,	Old Colony Railroad.
Dart & Co.,	Marlboro'.
Gilmore,	Wrentham.

Proprietors.	Name of Express.
Hatch & Co., ...	New Bedford.
Jenison, ...	W. Newton & Aub'ndale.
London, ...	Somerville and E. Camb.
Paine & Cobb, ...	North Bridgewater.
Parker, ...	Medfield.
Presson, ...	Gloucester.
Trowbridge, ...	Longwood.
Weston, ...	Plymouth.
Withington	Dorchester.

GENERAL EXPRESS AGENCY, No. 36 COURT SQUARE.

C. E. Sewell, Manager.

Proprietors.	Name of Express.
Bradford, ...	Plymouth.
Bridgham, ...	Dorchester.
Davis & Co., ...	Providence.
Elliott, ...	Dedham, Mill Vill.
George & Co., ...	Hudson.
Hurd, ...	Newton.
Magee, ...	Revere.
Breed & Co., ...	Lynn.
Cheney, ...	Chelsea.
Davis, ...	Salem.
Driscoll, ...	Brookline.
Ellis, ...	Canton.
Harding, ...	E. and W. Stoughton.
Henry, ...	Milton.
Peyser, ...	Biddeford and Saco.
Smith & Co., ...	Charlestown.

GENERAL EXPRESS AGENCY, No. 3 WASHINGTON STREET.

H. Robbins, Agent. — A. Fuller, Clerk.

Proprietors.	Name of Express.
Allen,	Boston Highlands.
Adams & Mann,	Arlington.
Barrett,	Newtonville.
Bicknell,	North Weymouth.
Clapp,	Everett.
Coolidge & Holbrook,	East Boston.
Cummings,	Reading.
Davis,	Brighton.
Drew,	East Weymouth.
Eaton,	Needham.
Garrity,	Quincy.
Johnson,	Holliston.
McIntosh,	Grantville.
Paine,	Marblehead.
Parker,	Lexington.
Powers,	South Boston.
Simon,	Salem.
Tracy,	Dedham.
Whittemore,	East Cambridge.
Wright,	Duxbury.
Dodge,	Wenham.
Taylor,	Hingham.
Sawin,	Cambridge.
Hurd,	Newton.
Buck & Co.,	Stoneham.

Proprietors.	Name of Express.
Bancroft,	N. Camb'ge & Som'ville.
Bell,	Danvers.
Bourk,	Weymouth.
Coverly,	East Somerville.
Cushing,	South Weymouth.
Cushing,	South Hingham.
Eastman,	Melrose.
Ford,	Abington.
Gardiner,	West Scituate.
Hancock,	North Bridgewater.
Linnell & Co.,	Wakefield.
Munroe, Arnold, & Co.,	Peabody.
Parker & Co.,	Cambridgeport.
Penniman,	South Abington.
Randall,	N. and E. Abington.
Tainter,	Medford.
Waterman,	West Hanover.
Woodsum,	South Braintree.
White,	Jamaica Plains.
Pratt & Babb,	Lynn.
Marshall & Moulton,	Beverly.
Weeks & Co.,	Waltham.
Harwood,	E. and W. Bridgewater.

GENERAL EXPRESS AGENCY, AT 57 KILBY STREET.

R. R. Smith, Manager.

Proprietors.	Name of Express.
Abbott, ...	Randolph.
Allen, ...	Roxbury.
Barnes, ...	North Cohasset.
Brown, ...	Ballardvale.
Buttrick, ...	Melrose.
Chase, ...	Cambridgeport.
Clark & Ruston, . . .	Bedford and Lexington.
White, ...	Jamaica Plains.
Curtis, ...	N. and S. Braintree.
Gage & Richardson, . .	Methuen.
Griffin, ...	Somerville.
Hawkins, ...	Watertown.
Hilton & Sons, ...	Lynn.
Howe & Co., ...	Natick.
Jones, ...	Newton Upper Falls.
Lovett, ...	Newburyport.
Middleton, ...	North Easton.
Moulton, ...	North Weymouth.
Pickett, ...	Georgetown.
Rollins, ...	West Newbury.
Taylor, ...	Hingham.
Whitney, ...	Winchester.
Whall, ...	Milton.
Alden, ...	Bridgewater.
Ayer, ...	Haverhill.

Proprietors.	Name of Express.
W. K. Baker, ...	Weymouth.
Boynton, ...	Ipswich.
Bryant, ...	East Lexington.
Carpenter, ...	Sharon.
H. Cook, ...	Salem.
Currier, ...	Gloucester.
Day & Robertson, . . .	Medford.
Grace & Co., ...	East Stoughton.
Hatch & Co., ...	Cambridge.
Hawkins, ...	Woburn.
Hollis & Co., ...	Medway.
Kennebec and Boston Express.	
Messenger, ...	Chelsea.
Morse, ...	South Dedham.
Pierce, ...	Malden.
Richardson, ...	Stoneham.
Saunders, ...	Lawrence.
Traders, ...	Providence.
Wentworth, ...	West Roxbury.
Swett, ...	Portland.

GENERAL EXPRESS AGENCY, No. 9 MILK STREET.

J. B. Tew, Agent.

Proprietors.	Name of Express.
Brigham, ...	Cambridgeport.
Hatch & Co., ...	Cambridge.
Jones, ...	Roxbury.
Prince & Co., ...	Portland.
Lee, ...	Quincy.
Davenport & Mason, . .	Taunton.
Hanscom, ...	South Boston.
Hatch & Co., ...	New Bedford.
Trask, ...	Gloucester.

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